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CONTENTS OF No. 5.

- Pages 1 & 2. "ELINOR PRESTON; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad." By Mrs. J. Sadlier. King James's Irish Army List.
- Page 3. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL, by J. O'N. Daunt, Esq. The Waverley Novel Controversy.
- Pages 4 & 5. LATEST IRISH NEWS. CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE—Foreign and Domestic. IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.
- " 6 & 7. EUROPEAN NEWS. FOREIGN AND HOME MISCELLANY.
- " 8 & 9. STEAL OR I'LL DO IT. CRUEL TREATMENT OF SAILORS. PAWNBROKING IN NEW YORK. OUR CHILDREN. DID LORD RAGLAN COMMIT SUICIDE? RELIGIOUS NEWS OF THE ARCHDIOCESE. DR. NELIGAN. AN ABUSE OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS. Poetry—"Dunluce," by R. Power. "My Dark Irish Girl," by J. C. Candon.
- Page 10. LITERATURE. The Roman Catacombs, or Some Account of the Burial Places of the Early Christians in Rome, by Rev. J. Spencer Northcote.
- " 11. LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND. By Mrs. J. Sadlier.
- Pages 12 & 13. OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENCE. ROBERT HOLMES. PAWNBROKING IN NEW YORK. Important if True. The Costa Rican. Prince Alfred on his Travels. CITY NEWS.
- " 14. Discovery of the Remains of an Ancient Indian Village. An Old Relic. New York Markets.

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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

On the following Tuesday Maria Delany became the wife of Arthur Dillon, and Carry and I were bridesmaids. The wedding was held at the Dillon mansion, and to do the old couple justice they were as cordially attentive to the bride as though she could have brought thousands to the family coffers. The wedding-party was small but well chosen, and we had a right merry day of it. We all drove out to Bray, and launched a *la champagne* within sight of the blue sea-wave. Returning to town for a six o'clock dinner, we found Mr. O'Shaughnessy in luxurious possession of an arm-chair near one of the windows, and the old gentleman was apparently in excellent humor. According as the dinner-hour approached his hilarity seemed to increase until it actually reached a state of effervescence. It seemed strange to us that he kept watching the entrance of the few additional guests with almost feverish impatience, and when at last, Mrs. Dillon, senior, said: "Well now! I believe that's all!" O'Shaugh (as he was technically called) started up and thrust his right hand into his vest pocket with a very oratorical air—

"Are you sure you expect no one else, Mrs. Dillon?" he asked abruptly.

"Quite sure, Mr. O'Shaughnessy."

"Well! in that case," said the man of law, "we have a little business to transact."

"But bless my soul, Shaugh!" put in my father, "is this a proper time for business!—why, man, dinner will be on the table,—I hope—in five minutes."

"Even so—business can't wait, as the saying is. Arthur Dillon! you are aware that I was legal adviser to the late Mr. Delany—rest his soul in peace!"

"I know it, sir," said Arthur looking very sheepish. He evidently feared that something bad was coming. He looked at his father, and his father looked at him. Maria and the lawyer, too, exchanged glances and both smiled. Curiosity was depicted as plain as could be on every face, but no one spoke until the lawyer, having leisurely surveyed us all through his gold spectacles, as though enjoying our surprise by anticipation, took from his pocket a very legal-

looking document which he said he would read for our special enlightenment. This document proved to be the will of the late Mr. Delany, which, after various legacies and a bequest to his parish church, secured to his daughter Maria the sum of ten thousand pounds, being the residue of his fortune.

Various exclamations of surprise escaped from all present. People could hardly believe their ears. As for Arthur Dillon he looked any thing at all but exultant, and I really believe that he was sorry to find Maria still an heiress. Mr. Dillon, senior, looked very hard at the lawyer, shrewd man of business as he was, being much inclined to view the whole as a practical joke, but the lawyer nodded to him in a friendly, confidential way, as though he had said, "All right, old friend!" Whereupon the new made father-in-law took out his snuff box and handed it to his legal friend with a countenance expressive of unlimited satisfaction. Maria herself tired, as she said, of being stared at, drew me after her to the deep recess of a window telling Arthur in a very authoritative manner to stay where he was. The discomfited bridegroom was fain to smile and resume the seat from which he had risen with unusual alacrity. Maria's departure was the signal, it appeared, for unbridling the company's tongues, for there was an instant clatter of voices, each one giving vent to his or her surprise in all the various notes of the gamut. Maria pressed the arm which she had drawn within her own, and whispered me to listen. "I have just left them to talk the wonder out," said she, "and besides I couldn't have kept from laughing another minute, they were all in such a comical state of bewilderment. Only listen, Nell!"

"So Delany's money was safe and sound after all!" said one.

"Small thanks to it for that," said another, "never was money better taken care of. Not a man in Dublin knew the value of a penny better than the same Luke Delany."

"I never could understand," cried a third, "how Luke's affairs came to be in a bad way, so this makes it all straight."

"But what a sly trick it was for Miss Delany to play. Didn't she do us all nicely—herself and Shaugh? I tell you what it is, Shaugh, I never thought you had so much mischief in you!"

The man of parchment chuckled in a way peculiar to himself. "Ha! ha! ha!—haven't spent five-and-twenty years about the Four Courts for nothing. Mrs. Arthur Dillon very extravagant in her purchases—eh, ladies!—drawing too freely on the matrimonial purse that was to be!—ha! ha!—well for Master Arthur he didn't keep the strings too close—if he had, self and client wouldn't have dropped in this golden luck-penny. A useful lesson, we hope, to all suitors for ladies' hands in general! Free and easy gents, free and easy—that's the way to win them—shave the upper lip like Christian men, and don't affect foreign manners, which interpreted means puppyism."

"Dinner on the table!" said the waiter, throwing open the door with an official jerk. Mr. Dillon, senior, instantly made his bow to Maria under the curtains, my father offered his arm to her graciously-smiling mother-in-law, while Arthur took my hand with something of his former affection, and down we marched to dinner, the others pairing off according to the good pleasure of the gentlemen.

During the time of dinner Arthur was very rational indeed. It was only once or twice that he made a little excursion into the land of fable, but Pegasus was now bridled, and he had his wings clipped. Maria had become an interested party, and instead of drawing Arthur out, as was her wont in times past, for the amusement of the company, she now adroitly turned the conversation into another channel many of the

company saw her object, and cheerfully assisted in carrying it out, so that Arthur escaped with flying colors.

"Well!" said Maria to me, when we found ourselves snugly seated together in a corner of the large drawing-room, shaded by a high-backed chair, "well! don't you think Arthur is improving already?"

"I believe he is," I replied with a smile.

"Ay! but why do you laugh?—depend upon it, there is a jewel within that casket, and with God's help, I mean to bring it out in all its native lustre. The little crust of affectation must and shall disappear."

"May God assist you! you have done great things already."

"God will assist me—I have no doubt of it; Arthur has an excellent heart, and, what is a still greater security, he has a profound reverence for religion. At the worst of times, no one ever heard him speak lightly of anything connected with religion. Had such been the case, he had never been my husband, for, after all, there is no trusting man or woman who has not a proper respect for the things that are of God."

Just then I was summoned to sing "The Light of Other Days," then and for long after one of the reigning favorites in the arena of vocal music. Alas! that such songs should ever become "antiquated," or banished from the drawing-room at the bidding of that addle-headed monster—that pretentious fool—in modern parlance yclept *fashion*! It seems to me that in this respect the Dubliners are far ahead of many others. Songs there retain their hold on the heart, and wield dominion over the charmed circle more in proportion to their merit both as regards poetry and music, and you will seldom find a noble song with a nobler air dismissed the Dublin salons, and huddled away in corners amongst old neglected music, for the sole reason that it is "too old"—the very words are suggestive of some lisping dandy or some singing-bird in petticoats called "a musical young lady," neither of them having brains enough or taste enough to appreciate true poetry or true music. The citizens of Dublin can, as I have said, relish a good song, even though it be none of the newest, and yet, strange to say, there is no city (not even excepting London or Paris) whose judgment is more highly respected by the musical artists of every age. It is, I believe, an indisputable fact that the singer or the actor who finds favor in the eyes of the Dublin critics is pretty sure to succeed in any capital either of Europe or America. All this *apropos* to songs and ballads, connecting links as they are, between different periods of existence:

"Old songs! old songs!—how well I sung
Your varied air with childish tongue,
When breath and spirit, free and light,
Carroll'd away from morn till night."

"Old songs! old songs!—how thick ye come,
Telling of childhood and of home,
When home forged links in memory's chain,
Too strong for time to break in twain,
When home was all that home should be,
And held the vast rich world for me!"

"Old songs! old songs!—how ye bring back
The fairest paths in mortal track!
I see the merry circle spread,
Till watchman's notice warned to bed;
When one rude boy would loiter near,
And whisper, in a well-pleased ear;
'Come, mother, sit before we go,
And sing John Anderson, my Jo!'"

"The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room,
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And that blithe boy who praised her song
Sleepeth as soundly and as long."

"Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh—
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lovers' darkened cell,
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell."

"Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs,
Is closely mingled with 'old songs.'
Ah! who shall slay the balad life
That stirs the soul is not divine!
And where the heart that would not dare
To place such 'songs' beside the prayer!"

It might have been a month after Maria's marriage when my father one night asked me as he often did, to play and sing to him. He drew his chair close to the piano, and placing Carry on an ottoman on his knee, he said: "Now, George, take your flute and accompany Elinor—it's sometime now since I heard you play together. I don't know what's coming over me at all—I just feel as if my heart was made of lead. But God help me! sure it's little wonder I'd be dull and down-hearted! Go on, children!—give me something lively. Carry, my pet! sit over close and lay your head on my knee. Perhaps it's not long you'll have me," and then he sighed, and fondly stroked the silken tresses that hung dishevelled over his knee. George and I exchanged glances, for we had just been saying to each other a little before that there must be something over us, our hearts were all so heavy. Still we affected to laugh, and George darted at once into a cheerful prelude. He was suddenly stopped by my father with a request that we should just give him something more plaintive.

"I find your merry music only makes me worse," said he; "I'll tell you what you'll sing, Nelly—you know Moore's words to 'Lochaber'—"

"When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved!"

We began it at once, but had hardly reached the middle of the last stanzas when George, suddenly stopping, said in a whisper: "My father's asleep Elinor."

So he was. Leaning back in his chair he slept soundly, so soundly, indeed, that, by a strange impulse, I leant over him to see whether he still breathed, and was much relieved to find that he did. Carry instantly arose, her eyes red with weeping, and we three stood together, talking in whispers of the ruddy hue that was gone for ever from our father's face, and noting, as loving hearts only can, the ravages of care and sorrow on features but lately so smooth and fresh, and placid.

While we were yet speaking my father woke up with a start: "Bless my soul, children! I believe I have been dreaming, yet surely I can't have been asleep? Why, I thought poor Kate was here dressed as we saw her that night in her odd-looking shining dress—she told me Terese wanted me—Lord bless my soul! aren't they both dead and in their graves—wasn't it a strange dream, and by the bye! I thought Kate had the Preston arms painted right on the front of a certain mitre-like head-dress which she wore—ha! ha! I suppose she does keep up family-state in the other world—if she can she will, at any rate!"

This ludicrous idea of my poor aunt's being armorially emblazoned in the world of spirits gave us an opportunity of echoing my father's faint laugh which we did with forced gaiety.

"By the bye, children!" said my father, "is not this the very chair in which we found poor Kate in her spectral costume?" George answered in the affirmative, whereupon my father rose, and said with a sigh, as he moved towards the door:

"It will soon have other and, it may be, sadder memories connected with it. Don't part with it, children, do as you may!—Nonsense, now! what do you cry for? Upon my word! you're three great babies, nothing better! because your old father is in low spirits, you must all be in low spirits too. Fie! fie! George! you'll be head of the house some of these days, and this is a poor specimen of your manhood! I think we had all better go to bed—but stay, Elinor! go like a good girl, and get Nancy to make me a tumbler of punch—sweet, strong and warm, you know. Bring it up to my room, and I'll take it after I lie down. I feel as though I wanted something to warm me, and it's strange, too, for the weather is warm enough—I suppose it's the beginning of old age!" He smiled

faintly, and George tried hard to get up a laugh, but it would not do. He felt more like crying, as he afterwards told me. And yet poor George used to be the merriest soul alive.

"Good night, Nelly!" said my father, as he turned to the wall to dispose himself for sleep, "to-morrow, please God! we'll go and see Emily, and if the next day is fine, we may drive out to Clongowes—I think it would do my heart good to see all my children together once more—good night—pray for me!" Murmuring a faint response I hastily closed the door, for my tears would no longer be restrained. It was the first time my father had ever asked me to pray for him—at least, since the day of my first communion, when he did it in a half-jocular way that was anything but impressive. He had never been what is called a religious man. It is true he went regularly to his duty at Christmas and Easter, and was always a stout defender of Catholic dogmas when assailed in his presence. He was, at heart, firmly attached to our holy faith, and never shrank, either, from professing his submission to the Church, but still he was far from being a practical Christian, and this request made, too, with unmistakable sincerity, affected me very strangely. Long after I went to bed, I lay awake thinking of the sorrowful change so visible in my father, and praying with all my heart that if it were the will of God, we might not be deprived of our only parent. Vain, vain, my prayers! When I did fall asleep, I must have slept long and very soundly, for the room was full of bright sunshine when I awoke with a start—aroused by a wild shriek which echoed through the house. Carry was gone from my side, and my first undefined fear was for her. Throwing on a loose morning-dress I hurried out into the lobby, and there I met my poor sister rushing like one crazed, from my father's room, her face like that of a corpse. Before I could articulate a word, she took me by the arm and dragged me in, then pointed to the bed and fell fainting in a chair beside it. And well she might, for there lay the lifeless body of our good kind father, stark and cold, the eyes nearly wide open, and the color of the face so little changed that you could hardly believe him dead. Calm and still he lay, the very bedclothes undisturbed above him. Before five minutes every soul in the house was assembled round the bed, and in ten minutes more the doctor bent over my poor father, his whole frame trembling with emotion, and he literally gasping for breath.

Oh my God! how eagerly did we three desolate orphans watch the face of our old friend, as raising his head with a heavy sigh, he took hold of my father's wrist to feel for a pulse which was stilled for evermore. After a few seconds he laid the hand down very gently, and motioning to the terrified servants to leave the room, he took one of my hands and one of Carry's, and pressing them between his own, he said in a voice hardly articulate:

"May the Lord in heaven comfort you this day, my poor, poor children!"

Upon this we all burst into tears, and George only could command words: "Oh, doctor! doctor! you don't think he's dead—he can't be dead, doctor!—it's only a fit—won't you—won't you try—have some other doctors!—try something!"

"My dear George, it's no earthly use—only heaping expense on yourselves, and I fear you've little money to spare," he added in a lower tone. "All the doctors in Dublin couldn't bring back the soul into that body. He's been dead some hours!"

"Well! we'll try at any rate," said George, somewhat tartly; "take the horse, Larry!" he called out in the passage, "and run for Dr. H— and I'll go for Dr. T—"

"Very well, George, very well!" said the worthy doctor, "I'm content, my poor boy!—it'll satisfy your mind at any rate. Come with me, girls, to the next room! But neither Carry nor I would stir from the spot—a strange kind of fascination was upon us, and though we trembled from head to foot, and could neither of us utter a word, we threw ourselves on our knees beside the bed, and clasped our hands in helpless anguish, our eyes fixed on the ghastly dead face before us, looking all the more ghastly for its life-like hue and staring eyes. Ah, it was a dreadful sight—a sight never to be forgotten.

It is needless to say that the two eminent physicians who arrived within a quarter of an hour, did but confirm the melancholy report of our own doctor. Then came, as if to crown our affliction, the dreadful thought that our father had been summoned to the bar of divine jus-

tice without any preparation, no sacraments to cleanse or fortify his soul, no priest to bless his departure. Oh! the misery of those hours when the doctors being gone, we were left alone with our own poor household, now reduced to Larry and his tidy spouse, Nancy. Bewildered and confounded we none of us knew what to do, and I know not what we should have done, had it not been for the blunt kindness and the practical good sense of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who proved himself really a friend in need. The Dillons, too, did what they could to comfort us, but with these exceptions we had surprisingly few to keep us company. The first day there were some half dozen or so, and so on during the night. Alas! how different a wake it was from that of my aunt. Then we youngsters could not understand the reason why so few attended, but we understood it well enough since. Had we had more experience of the world we should have known that worldly friends, like rats, desert falling houses, and that now when the head of the house was gone, there was no great attention due to a family of orphans who had no power to befriending any one. So the first night passed dismally away, every hour seeming as long as two. Early in the morning, one of the first sounds we heard was Larry's voice in angry expostulation with some one on the stairs. George immediately went out to ascertain the cause of the tumult, and the noise soon ceased, but when my poor brother returned to the wake-room after the lapse of twenty minutes or so, there was an angry flush on his pallid brow, and a strange lurid light in his eyes already red and swollen. After a little he beckoned me from the room, and said to me:

"Elinor, my poor sister! don't be surprised at seeing strange men move through the house."

"Why, George, what do you mean?" I asked, my heart sinking with fear.

"Don't be alarmed, Nell," he returned with a strange ghastly smile, his lip quivering convulsively, "it's only two bailiffs that are in the house taking an inventory. They're sent by my father's creditors to seize our goods and chattels. I wouldn't have told you, poor girl! only it wasn't possible to keep it from you. We must get those people out of that room as soon as possible, under some pretence, for the bailiffs will soon pay it a visit. I wonder now," he added in the same strange, hoarse voice, "would it keep them from going in there, were we to tell them that my poor father died of typhus or something very infectious?—eh, Nell?"

"Ah! George! George! don't talk so!—don't for the love of God! I know you wouldn't say what wasn't the truth, and on such a subject too—and yet you're in no humor for jesting. God help us this day! what are we to do at all?" and I wrung my hands in tearful anguish.

(To be continued.)

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN MANUS O'DONNELL.

The researches of O'Callaghan, in his recent History of the Irish Brigade, p. 312, &c., are so full and satisfactory, as to leave little necessity for further illustrating the name of O'Donnell here. Only let it be added that, in 1494, Hugh Oge O'Donnell, "Prince of Tyrconnel," was received with great honor by James the Fourth of Scotland at Glasgow; and Pinkerton, in his "Scotland," (vol. II, p. 69,) mentions a correspondence between these individuals at extant. This O'Donnell went in 1505 on a pilgrimage to Rome, going and returning through London, where he was on both occasions entertained with great honor by King Henry the Seventh; and in 1511 he received knighthood at the Justs which Henry the Eighth held at Westminster, in honor of the birth of a Prince. Yet this monarch is shown to have taken much umbrage at the friendly intercourse so existing between O'Donnells and the Scottish Kings.

In 1529, Roderic O'Donnell was Bishop of Derry. In three years after, O'Donnell did covenant with Sir William Skeffington that, if the King wished to reform Ireland, of which it would seem the Irish chief entertained some doubt, he and his people would gladly be governed by the laws of England. In 1567, Hugh O'Donnell was knighted by Sir Henry Sidney; in the following year he became chief of his sept, and was father of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who was treacherously carried off from Donegal in the time of Sir John Perrot's government, and, to the discredit and injury of the English interest, was confined in the Castle of Dublin, whence he twice made his escape. On the last occasion he kindled a war in his native territory, which expelled the English from the Castle of Donegal, and regained his whole country from them, with such acts of implacable hostility as the recollection of his own suffering stimulated. He was in truth an extraordinary man, of talents, courage, literary acquirements, and personal attractions that recommended him to the admiration of his age. Betham, in the first part of his *Antiquarian Researches*, furnishes very fully, from an Irish manuscript, his history

and achievements. In 1601, with the flower and strength of Ulster, he flew to co-operate with the Spaniards in the siege of Kinsale, but was obliged to give up the cause by the precipitancy of the Spanish commander. He thereupon retired with him to Spain, where, says Leland, "he was everywhere received by that proud nation with all that pomp and magnificence which is paid to blood Royal only." He died in 1602, and was buried with great magnificence at Valladolid. The O'Donnell who thereupon assumed the chieftainship, joined with O'Neill in the desperate resistance to English rule, that was only terminated by the flight of both these chiefs to the continent, when the extinction of their sway left the most valuable part of Ulster, upwards of 800,000 English acres, at the disposal of the Crown, which exercised its power in the memorable Plantation of that Province.

King James, early in his reign, granted to Roderic O'Donnell, "brother to the great traitor Hugh O'Donnell, lately deceased in Spain," the title and dignity of Earl of Tyrconnel, with remainder to his heirs male; and, in defect thereof, to his brother Galfred or Caffry O'Donnell and his heirs male, with the title of Baron of Donegal to his heir apparent; making at the same time, a more substantial grant to him, on like entails of the territories or countries in the precinct of Tyrconnel, in as large and ample manner as his brother Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell, attainted, and dead in Spain, or his father Hugh Mc Manus O'Donnell, or his grandfather Manus Mc Donnell, or any other of his ancestors had enjoyed or possessed the same; reserving to the Crown all churches, abbies, tithes, and certain castles; also excepting all manors, lands, and estates which the Earl or any of his ancestors at any time possessed within O'Doghertie's country, and reserving also to the Crown the power of erecting forts on the premises so granted. The Act of 1612, for the attainting of the Earl of Tyrone and his "accomplices," including in its desolating penalties the above Caffry O'Donnell, brother to the then late Earl of Tyrconnel, of Caffersconce, County of Donegal, Caffry Oge O'Donnell of Starfolliis, and Donell Oge O'Donnell late of Donegal the said County. The Kilkenny Assembly of the Confederate Catholics in 1646 was attended by Hugh O'Donnell of Ramelton. Of this Sept was Daniel O'Donnell, who, in December, 1688, was appointed Captain of a Company in the Royal service, and in 1689 was authorized to rank and act as a Colonel. After the capitulation of Limerick, he passed over to France, where he succeeded Colonel Nicholas Fitz-Gerald in the command of Fitz-James's Regiment. He also served on the coast of Normandy with the Irish and French forces, then designed for the invasion of England; afterwards in Germany and Piedmont; and ultimately he retired to St. Germain-en-Laye, where he died in 1735, in the seventieth year of his age.

The achievements of Brigadier Baldearg Ruadh O'Donnell in this campaign are of peculiar interest. The Irish, placing faith in some ancient prophecy, wilfully believed that he would be raised to deliver Ireland from the English yoke. "He was," (writes Colonel O'Kelly in the *Excidium Macariz*, pp. 125-6, &c.) "heirs presumptive to the second Prince of Ulster, that O'Donnell who, at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, retired into Spain, where she died without issue. His brother also died there, but leaving one son, who was carried off by sickness in the flower of his age; whereupon Baldearg, being next of kin, went into Spain, where he was received with honor by the King, and established in the dignity and employment heretofore filled by his kinsman. After serving several years in the Spanish war against France, when he heard of the Prince of Orange's invasion of England, and James's return to Ireland, he solicited from the Spanish court permission to quit service there, in order to serve his own King and country; but, being unable to obtain his discharge, by reason that the Irish and their King were then strictly leagued with Louis the Fourteenth, he left Spain without any license, and arrived at Kinsale much about the time that James the Second came thither after the engagement on the Boyne. [King James did not, however, come so far south.] The King recommending him to Tyrconnel, he gave him the command of the new levies raised by the inhabitants of Ulster, who were then retired into Connaught; but afforded him neither arms nor maintenance; and, observing soon after that O'Donnell grew popular among the old Irish, and especially with the natives of Ulster, who superstitiously believed him to be the prophesied deliverer of Ireland, he took from him some of the new levies, whom he incorporated in the standing army, leaving him and the rest without any manner of subsistence, but what they were forced to extort from the country. He also encouraged the nobles of Ulster, and even the officers of his own Brigade to oppose him, in order to suppress his aspiring mind, and render him contemptible to the people; but his chiefest aim was to breed jealousies between him and Brigadier Gordon O'Neill, who was descended from the first Prince of Ulster; for he apprehended (and perhaps he had reason) that if the forces of Ulster, all composed of old Irish, were united together, they might easily obstruct his design to reduce Ireland under the jurisdiction of William the Third, in order to preserve there the English interest, which is held so sacred by those of England, and even by some natives of Ireland deriving their extraction thence (whereof Tyrconnel was himself one). O'Donnell was at that time posted at Jamestown, to defend the Shannon on that side; and, when De Ginkie forced over a passage at Athlone, he had orders sent to him in all haste to march straight to Galway; but, to satisfy Tyrconnel and those of his party who loudly declared that

to entrust a person, of his credit among the ancient Irish, with a place of that consequence, was in effect to abrogate the Royal authority in Ireland; the first orders were countermanded, and he was bid to dispose of his men into several posts for the defence of the western parts of Connaught."

After the fatal day of Aughrim, Baldearg was ordered to gather in his scattered force with the object of strengthening Galway. The enemy, however, had taken measures to prevent his throwing succor into that town. Its surrender decided Baldearg's course, and in August, 1691, he arranged with De Ginkie's agent to go over to the cause of King William, "provided he might have the men he brought over with him admitted to pay, in order to serve his Majesty in Flanders or elsewhere, and that himself should be created Earl of Tyrconnel, a title to which he claimed an ancestral right; he likewise required that £2,000 should be given to him." "The General," adds Story, "thought it politic to consent to some of O'Donnell's propositions, and from the following Christmas he and Colonel Henry Luttrell received each a yearly pension of £500." Of his doings in September, 1691, in the country between Sligo and Boyle, see the *Annals of Boyle*, vol. I. Ultimately, "with about 1,200 of his own men, he joined 800 of the Williamite Ulster forces, and then joined Lieutenant-General Arthur Forbes, Earl of Granard, with five thousand more Williamite militia and a train of artillery from Leinster, that were commissioned to reduce Sir Teague O'Regan in Sligo." The Memoir of James the Second speaks very disparagingly of Baldearg, as that "he had set up for a sort of independent commander; and having got together no less than eight Regiments newly raised, with a crowd of loose men over and above, he lived in a manner at discretion, so that those troops were in effect but a rabble, that destroyed the country, ruined the inhabitants, and prevented the regular forces from drawing that subsistence, they might otherwise have had from the people.

At the battle of Aughrim, a Major O'Donnell was killed, possibly the above Manus, here a Captain. The Attainders of 1691 present the names of three O'Donnells in Armagh, and of seven in Donegal, including this Captain Manus, described as of Boylagh, County of Donegal. O'Connor in his *Military Memoirs*, mentions another O'Donnell, Conal, who he says raised a Regiment of Foot for King James, which was afterwards brigaded, and was about 1700 incorporated in Lee's and O'Brien's Brigades; in which year Conal distinguished himself at Mons, as he did in 1712 at Cambray. Another Conal O'Donnell, the grand-nephew of the illustrious Hugh "Ruadh," was a Field-Marshal and Generalissimo in the Austrian Army, and Governor of Transylvania in the reign of Maria Theresa. He died in 1771. In 1805, Charles Count O'Donel, a Major-General in the Austrian service, was killed at Neresheim. Colonel d'Abisbal, who distinguished himself in Spain during the late Peninsular war, was of this family.

CAPTAIN TERENCE M'DONOUGH.

The McDonoughs were a powerful sept in the County of Sligo, having an extensive territory in the Barony of Corran; they were also at a very early date established in the County of Cork, where they held the noble castle of Kanturk. In the former county they are considered to have branched from the MacDonnells, in the latter from the McCarties. This sept is expressly stated by the Four Masters to have taken their patronymic in Sligo, from a Donough who flourished there in 1278. The same annals record, with much importance of language, the progress of Mac Donough of Tyrerrill in 1397 to the plain of Connaught (about Boyle), with his whole force, property, and cattle, in order to aid the O'Conors. In 1446, "the McDonoughs, Turlough Carrach O'Connor, and O'Connor Don having joined Mac William of Clanricarde, for the purpose of appointing a McDonough in Tyrerrill, they finally agreed on electing two MacDonoughs, giving half of the country to each, namely to John, the son of Conal McDonough, and to Teigue, the son of Tomaltach More McDonough." In 1598, "Ballymote, (in Sligo), which had been in possession of the Queen's people for thirteen years till this time, was taken by its own original inheritors, namely, by the McDonough of Corran." By a patent of 1617 various manors, castles, towns, and lands of their ancient territory, in the County of Sligo were, according to the policy of the day, re-granted on new and forfeitable tenures to different members of this sept, as also to those of O'Hara, O'Higgins, and O'Connor; while the same patent included other re-grants to the O'Dowdes and O'Garas in that county and in Mayo. The Attainders of 1642 have the names of five M'Donoughs; those of 1691, twelve. On the Army List, besides Captain Terence, there appear Henry M'Donough, a lieutenant in Sir Charles's Infantry; and Morgan M'Donough, an ensign in Colonel Oliver O'Garra's. In the Parliament of Dublin, the above Terence M'Donough was one of the representatives returned for the Borough of Sligo, but appears to have been the same Captain, who was at that time taken prisoner at Derry in the attack at the Windmill; while Hamilton, in his "*Enniskilleniers*," says that in May, 1689, Ballyshannon was relieved by them, and the Irish obliged to evacuate. "All their foot fled away towards Sligo, or got off safe, except some few that were taken in the Fish Island near the town, with their Captain, one Mac Donough, a counsellor-at-law, commonly known by the name of 'blind Mac Donough.'" In 1690, one of the Cork McDonoughs was appointed by King James a governor of that county.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER IV.

Journey to Mount Mellerey—Foundling Hospital—Judge Norbury—The Catholics and their "Natural Leaders"—Peter Bodkin Hussey—Jack Lawless—Anecdotes of the Clare Election—Approach to Mellerey—The Monastery—Reception of O'Connell—O'Connell a Novelist—"Viscount O'Connell"—Offer of a Seat on the Bench.

In August, 1838, the Liberator quitted Dublin for the Monastery of Mount Mellerey, in the county of Waterford, where he intended to spend a few days in retreat. I was anxious to see that establishment, and he gave me a seat in his carriage. When travelling, he was usually very communicative, and every place of any interest along the road elicited some anecdote or reminiscence. On this journey, he talked much of his own achievements in the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and gave some sketches of his political fellow-laborers.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a clear sunny day when we left town. On passing the Foundling Hospital at the western end of the city, O'Connell said to me, "That is one of the institutions of mistaken philanthropy. It encouraged vice by affording an easy mode of disposing of its consequences. And then there was the hideous risk of incestuous marriages, from the foundlings' ignorance of their relationship to each other, or to the rest of the world. The late Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, distinctly traced proofs, that in one case a youth brought up in that foundling hospital had married his own mother!"

A little further on were the roofless remains of the old Court House of Kilmalmain. "That ruin," said Mr. O'Connell, "was a busy place during the rebellion. Its unpopular celebrity was commemorated in a ballad that began, I think, thus:

'Harkforward, Kilmalmain! harkforward, Kilmalmain!
We'll hang 'em, we'll hang 'em, before we arraign 'em.
Old Tolers' leads the bloody hunt,
This day some wretch must die.'

He then began to speak of his own recollections of the rebellion, of the Union, (on which he made his maiden speech,) and of the subsequent position of the Catholic cause.

"The 'natural leaders,' as they were called, of the Catholics," said he, "the Catholic aristocracy, were jealous at seeing the leadership, which they were incapable of managing, taken out of their hands by lawyers and merchants. Efforts were occasionally made to control what they were pleased to deem the vulgar violence of our exertions. In 1807, a certain aristocratic banker visited the Catholic Barch one day, and delivered himself of some advice that savored suspiciously of Castle influence. I remember that he accused the Catholic barristers of clamoring for emancipation merely in order to qualify themselves for office. I opposed him, of course, and I had a stout ally in Peter Bodkin Hussey, who discarded all ceremony from his attack on the invader. Peter's speech was extremely characteristic of his sagacity, his coarseness, and his impudence. 'I understand this gentleman,' said Peter, 'just as well as if I was inside his head. He has talked about Catholic barristers having personal objects to gain. I tell him there are Catholic bankers who have personal objects to gain. I won't mince the matter, and I boldly declare my conviction that his advice is dishonest. I tell him, moreover, that although I only chastise him verbally now, in the hope that he may take himself quietly off, and give us no further trouble, yet I would hesitate just as little to chastise him personally if he should come here again on a similar errand.' The intruder took the hint and decamped. Peter Bodkin Hussey," continued Mr. O'Connell, "was in general as rough-tongued as a fellow as I ever met, saying ill-natured things of everybody, and good-natured things of nobody. He picked himself on his impertinence. It was not, however, a bad reply he made to another impertinent fellow who hailed him one day in the Four Courts, saying, 'Peter, I'll bet you a guinea that you are a more impertinent rascal than I am.' 'You'd win your guinea,' answered Peter, 'I am certainly the more impertinent. Four are certainly impertinent to those who you know won't knock you down for it—but I am impertinent to everybody.'"

I asked him his opinion of the noted "Jack Lawless" as a public speaker.

"He began admirably," replied Mr. O'Connell, "and proceeded wretchedly. His first four or five sentences were exceedingly good; the language excellent, the sentiments impressive, the delivery admirable. But then he began to fail, and continued to the end in a strain of incoherence. Sometimes, indeed, he got off right well—that is, if he was interrupted near the outset. He would then reiterate his opening points with excellent effect, and with the spirit which the stimulus of a little brushing opposition infused into his manner."

"But Jack was an unpleasant sort of fellow to transact public business with. One day in committee Jack told us he meant to bring publicly forward at that day's meeting a certain topic, which I was of opinion it would be infinitely wiser and more prudent to leave in the shade. I expressed that opinion very strongly, and was backed by many persons, Lawless

seemed reluctant to acquiesce, but at last he said, 'O'Connell, you are right—I see you are quite right. I shall say nothing on that subject at the meeting.' I thanked him for his acquiescence, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, I said to him as we were passing through the little boarded entry into the great room, 'Now, Jack, you'll be sure to hold your tongue about that affair?' 'Do you mean to doubt my word?' retorted Jack, rather angrily; 'have I not promised to be silent? I consider my honor as pledged.' I was quite satisfied, and we went in. I moved somebody into the chair, and sat down to look over a letter, when up started Jack, and dashed full into the topic upon which he had just promised silence! Of course I had to draw the sword upon him in reply."

This wayward and unmanageable gentleman greatly liked the excitement of a skirmish. I am told that after receiving a severe castigation from O'Connell, he would skip into the committee-room, rubbing his hands in the highest glee, and exclaiming, "Well, had not we a nice debate?"

Speaking of the victory of 1829, Mr. O'Connell expressed his conviction that one of the causes that induced the Duke of Wellington to grant Emancipation, was his grace's knowledge that a large part of the army were devoted to the Catholic cause.

"After the Clare election," said he, "there was a remarkably fine young man named Ryan, as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, who had been a sergeant, although not more than a year in the army. In one of our popular processions, we encountered a marching detachment; and as my carriage passed, this young serjeant walked away from his men, and asked me to shake hands with him. 'In acting as I now do,' said he, 'I am guilty of infringing military discipline. Perhaps I may be flogged for it—but I don't care—let them punish me in any way they please—let them flog me, and send me back to the ranks—I have had the satisfaction of shaking the hand of the Father of my country.' There were many unequivocal indications of a similar spirit in the army; and doubtless such a spirit among the troops was not without its due weight with the duke. As to my enthusiastic friend the young serjeant, I afterwards learned that his little escapade was overlooked—and right glad I was to find that his devotion to me entailed no punishment upon him."

In talk such as this passed the day. We slept at the Royal Oak, and at six o'clock next morning we resumed our journey. At Kilkenny, where we breakfasted, many of the leading Repealers of the city waited on Mr. O'Connell to urge him to resume immediately the agitation of the Repeal of the Union. He replied, that he felt well inclined to comply with their advice, but that as the period had not yet quite expired, which he had resolved on employing in the experiment to obtain from the Imperial Legislature the performance of the pledge they had given in 1834, "to do justice to Ireland," he would postpone the renewed agitation of Repeal until the end of the session of the following year.

From Kilkenny we proceeded to Clogheen, in the county of Tipperary, near which village we quitted the turnpike-road, and ascended the mountains that form the boundary between the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. The weather, which had been showery at Clogheen, became rapidly worse, and ere we had made half a mile of ascent, it blew a perfect storm. Nothing can exceed the desert bleakness of the northern, or Tipperary side of these mountains. Mile after mile our zigzag road led us up in traverses, through scenes of apparently unrelaxable sterility, unenlivened with a human habitation. Thousands of acres are nearly destitute of surface-earth, and are covered with fragments of stone. The only living beings that we met for several miles were two miserable sheep, that cowered from the storm beneath a dyke. When at length we reached the highest elevation attained by the road, the quality of the ground seemed somewhat less sterile. We passed a lonely hollow among the hills, in the basin of which was a dark pool surrounded with steep, mossy banks. Some miles of nearly level road succeeded, the quality of the soil still improving; traces of agricultural industry appeared, and we soon passed well-built farmhouses and thriving plantations belonging to the tenants of the Duke of Devonshire, who is universally allowed to be a humane and considerate landlord, although an absentee.*

The southern descent of the mountains between Tipperary and Waterford is as rich and beautiful as the northern side is barren. The road leads for several miles through ravines

* From the example afforded by such landlords as the Duke of Devonshire, some persons have sought a defence of absenteeism in general. These persons say, "Look at the comfortable and prosperous tenantry on the duke's estate, or on the estates of Lords A., B., or C., who are absentees. Contrast the comforts of these tenants with the wretched condition of the tenants of certain tyrannical resident landlords; and then, (if you can,) call residence a blessing or absenteeism an evil!"

It requires a little pains to expose the sophistry of such a plea as this. The benevolent absentee landlord, like the benevolent absentee, is absentee, not because he has a humane heart and just principles. His absenteeism has nothing to do with his benevolence; unless, perhaps, it may prevent its full expansion. In like manner, the resident tyrant is not a tyrant because he is resident; but because he is extravagant and avaricious; or because he hates the religious and political principles of the people. If a greater number of the benevolent proprietors of large estates who are now absentees resided in Ireland, their presence and example would powerfully tend to shame their grasping and exterminating brethren out of their tyranny.

The advocates of absenteeism are in the habit of assuming that the tyrannical landlords are chiefly to be found among the residents. This assumption, I believe, to be directly the reverse of the fact.

clothed with luxuriant ash and oak woods, whose solitudes are enlivened with the wild music of rushing waters. From these defiles we emerged beneath the Castle of Lismore.

The greater part of the drive from Lismore to Mount Mellerey is exquisitely beautiful. It is shaded, as far as Cappoquin, by embowering oak and beech of old growth. On the Mellerey side of Cappoquin, the road becomes very abrupt, and in one or two places dangerous from its great steepness. It runs for about a mile along the upper verge of a wooded glen, through which flows a brook, that, when we passed, was swollen and turbid from the recent rains. I had been looking anxiously out for the monastery, but night fell before we were within two miles of it.

At length we reached the abode of the Trappists, and on arriving at the outer gate we were met by a procession consisting of the abbot, the sub-prior, and about twenty of the brethren, all dressed in their monastic habiliments. The abbot, in episcopal mitre and robes, and bearing his crozier, led forward Mr. O'Connell by the hand, whilst I was conducted by the sub-prior in a similar manner. The monks then followed, chanting a vespers hymn. The loud music had a grand effect as it rolled along the lofty roof. We proceeded through the aisle of the monastery church, of which the extent, partially revealed by the torches borne by the brethren, seemed greater than it really was, from the utter darkness that obscured its farther extremity. When the usual vespers service had been performed in a chapel adjoining the principal church, an address of welcome was presented to Mr. O'Connell, who pronounced an appropriate reply. He begged permission to constitute himself counsel to the monastery, whose inmates were at that period threatened with litigation. The matter alluded to has since been set right.

Two hours after midnight I was awakened by a violent storm of rain and wind. Looking forth upon the night, I saw lights in the chapel, and the chant of hymns was heard in the fitful pauses of the gust. The monks were celebrating the usual service of lauds. The hour—the darkness—the storm—the dim lights of the chapel, and the voices streaming out upon the lonely mountain's side, all combined to produce an effect in a high degree wild, impressive, and romantic.

There are some young plantations adjoining the monastery. I presented the reverend Fathers with Cruickshank's work on the "Culture of Forest-trees," of which, I hope, they have made good use.

During our stay at the monastery, Mr. O'Connell and I used to breakfast *tele-a-tele*, in the abbot's parlor. Immediately after breakfast, he retired to his bedroom, where he remained quite alone until dinner, which meal we partook of *tele-a-tele*, and immediately on its conclusion, he would again retire—either to his dormitory, or to the chapel, where he remained for an hour or two. One day, Mr. Villiers Stuart came to wait on the abbot's illustrious guest, and was told he had given strict directions that he should not be disturbed while in retreat. A few days afterwards, a public meeting was held in Lismore, at which Mr. Stuart alluded to that circumstance, humorously adding, that he was happy to find that Mr. O'Connell's sojourn at Mount Mellerey had not infected him with the silence of its inmates, as his adoption of the Carthusian system of the Trappists would seriously injure the interests of popular liberty in Ireland.

After a week spent at Mellerey, we quitted it, grateful for the hospitable kindness of the abbot, and interested in the success of his useful establishment. On our journey to Cork, the Liberator was, as usual, extremely communicative. He spoke of novels and novelists. He complained that Miss Edgeworth had never advocated the Catholic claims in any of her numerous publications. I praised her Irish tales, especially her "Absentee" and "Ormond."

"I don't like 'Ormond,'" said O'Connell; "she has spoiled it, by making the Irish officer in the French brigade such a thorough scoundrel. And then the name she gives him—my name—Connell! I am quite sure she was guided in her selection of that name by hostility to me."

"That I think very improbable," said I. "If such had been my motive, she would have spelt the name as you do yours."

"Oh! that would have been too palpable." We spoke of a story I meant to weave into a novel.

"I think," said I, "that you would be somewhat out of your element, assisting a novelist in his compositions."

"Not in the least," he answered. "I was once going to write a novel myself."

"Indeed!—and what was your story to have been?"

"Why, as to the story, I had not that fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American War—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles."

I do not remember whether this adventurous hero was, on his return to England, to have been confronted with his royal father.

The mention of republican principles led the talk to politics generally. O'Connell said that his experiments on Imperial "Justice to Ireland" should only continue another year. Should it fail—as he fully expected that it

would—he was resolved to devote the rest of his life to the question of Repeal.

O'Connell's enemies have repeatedly called him a "trading politician." Had this charge been true, it is incredible that he should not, at some unguarded moment of social intercourse, have allowed the imputed double-dealing to betray itself. But, although it was his habit to converse freely and confidentially with his familiar associates, he never uttered in private a sentiment adverse to the political doctrine of which he was in public the apostle. He could easily have made his own terms at any time with the English government; and yet, although far from insensible to the advantages of station and wealth, he steadily rejected all overtures of place for himself.

A zealous, but ill-judging friend, had held out, as a glorious termination to his political career, a seat in the House of Lords of England, and the title of "Viscount O'Connell."

"I'll take nothing for myself," said the Liberator, "as long as Ireland wants me."

In 1838, on the morning when he received from government the offer to be appointed lord chief baron, he walked over to the window, saying:

"This is very kind—very kind, indeed!—but I haven't the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now: not but that, if she could, I don't at all deny that the office would have great attractions for me. Let me see, now—there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country-house near Dublin, and walk into town; and during the intervals of judicial labor, I'd go to Darrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly on every account, if I could but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland—but I CANNOT."

(To be continued.)

THE WAVERLEY NOVEL CONTROVERSY.

The controversy with regard to the authorship of the Waverley Novels has not yet concluded. Letters from different parties have lately appeared in the columns of the London *Times*. We take the following extracts from the latest, that of Mr. Fitzpatrick. If we should hazard an opinion ourselves on this matter, it would be this: that Sir Walter Scott was the author of the Waverley Novels, and that any attempts made to deprive him of their authorship cannot fail of being unsuccessful in the end. We have, however, no objection that Mr. Fitzpatrick should be heard in defence of his theory, and accordingly transfer portions of his letter to the *Times* on this subject:

SIR—I observe in the *Times* of June 5, a manifesto from Miss Scott and her sisters, contradicting "a surmise" that their parents had a share in the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." It is odd that the late Thomas Scott's son and representative, Colonel Scott, should withhold his signature from that document. The denial, however, so far, will doubtless influence the views of many persons; but I confess that my conviction on the subject, as well as the convictions of several members of the late Mrs. Scott's family, remains unshaken.

I shall regard this proceeding from the most courteous point of view. My pamphlet connects Captain and Mrs. T. Scott with the earlier novels only. Of these, the first appeared exactly forty-four years ago—a period probably before the ladies who have addressed the *Times* were born, or when they must necessarily have been exceedingly young. In their letter they declare that no literary participation whatever, "less or more," took place between their father and Sir Walter—totally forgetting, or, more probably, totally ignorant of their uncle's published admission that some of Thomas Scott's literary labor is embodied in "Peveril of the Peak."

In "Moore's Diary" it is recorded, on the authority of Samuel Rogers, that "when Wilkie was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said, 'We don't know what to think of these novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He writes everything in the midst of us all, and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the manuscript of any of these novels.'"

Now, if Sir Walter Scott's daughters remained for years in profound ignorance of their father's intimate connection with the novels, how much more likely is it that Thomas Scott's dynasties should not have become acquainted with the fragmentary literary aid, contributed from Canada forty years ago, to the same mysterious compositions?—the more so when remembered that obvious prudential reasons prompted the utmost secrecy.

More than half a dozen veteran brother officers of Captain Scott—men of strong judgment and untarnished honor, who possessed his confidence and friendship, and who have been raised to almost the highest military dignity—have separately published in my book a chain of clear, positive, and highly interesting evidence in substantiation of that which I originally ventured, on merely circumstantial grounds, to conjecture. And I do absolutely defy any attentive reader, no matter how prejudiced he may be, to go through the pamphlet, without his views undergoing considerable modification.

Evidence should be rebutted by counter-evidence; and until this is forthcoming, the public will retain "their own opinions still."

* The late Judge Norbury, of punning and hanging notoriety.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Carlow.

A woman named Price, the wife of a tradesman residing in Carraigue, was nearly burned to death lately. While attending to her household duties during the time her husband was at prayers, she was attacked with an epileptic fit and fell into the fire. The neighbors, observing a strange smell proceeding from the house, went inside, and to their horror perceived the unfortunate woman lying across the coals in a state of insensibility. On rescuing her from her awful position they found the lower part of her body almost entirely consumed and her person otherwise seriously injured. She was at once conveyed to the hospital of the workhouse, where she was attended by the medical officer of the establishment. There is not the slightest possibility of her recovery, as the abdomen was almost entirely burnt up to a cinder.

R. Barrett, Esq., National Bank, Carlow, was entertained by his friends at Cullen's Hotel, on his departure to Enniskillen, to which town he has been promoted.

Cork.

At the presentment sessions held at Kinsale, an application was approved of to build a timber bridge over the Bandon river at Tigasson, with a large portcullis and causeway, between the lands of Tigasson, at the Kinsale side, and the lands of Kinacloona, at the Courcree's side—not to exceed £6,000—to be defrayed by the county at large, and by the respective baronies of Kinsale and Courcree. This application had been certified at last assizes, and the plan had received the assent of the Lords of the Admiralty, subject to the condition that the head room of the bridge be not less than six feet above high water at the ordinary spring tide, and the works to be completed to the satisfaction of the Admiralty. Of the sum required £1,500 are to be raised by private subscription, £2,100 to be levied off the county at large, £1,500 off the barony of Kinsale, and £900 off Courcree. The levies are to be in six half-yearly instalments. Another application was also agreed to, for a bridge over the Browne's Mills river, on the road from Kinsale to Cork, between, and dividing the townlands of Mitchelstown west and Watersland north—not to exceed £800. Of this amount £300 are to be raised by private subscriptions, and £500 to be levied off the county in five half-yearly instalments.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to appoint James Harding, Esq., of this city, and of Glenaglogh Lodge, Coachford, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Cork, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This appointment is marked by the same sound discretion, which has characterized Lord Fermoy's previous recommendations to the bench, and from the character of the gentleman appointed, will give unqualified satisfaction.—*Examiner*.

Dublin.

The last sectional meeting of the Royal Dublin Society for the season was held at the Society's House, Kildare street. There was a choice display of plants from the Botanic Gardens, and several interesting specimens of zoology and mineralogy, from the Museum, were exhibited through the rooms. After the members and visitors had inspected the various objects of interest on view, the Lord Justice of Appeal was called to the chair, on the motion of Dr. J. F. Waller, one of the hon. secretaries of the society. Dr. Waller stated that that being the last evening of the session, it had been deemed proper to bring forward for the inspection of members, some specimens from the Museum of the society, as well as those objects of mechanical and scientific interest which were on view that evening. The Doctor then proceeded to read a paper from Mr. Edward Waller, "On the Discovery of some new British Shells." The shells were obtained from sand dredged in the deep water off the east coast of Antrim, near Lough Larne, in the course of an excursion made by a committee of Belfast naturalists, to whom the British Association had, at its meeting in that town, granted a sum of money for the purpose. Dr. Waller, in concluding the reading of the paper, said that dredging expeditions should be undertaken for the purpose of discovering new specimens of conchology. He hoped the British Association, at their next meeting, would organize such expeditions. Mr. Richard Dowden (Richard) stated that the extreme west coast of Ireland was well worthy of a strict examination, such as could only be made by dredging. Branches of palm trees, and other objects of tropic vegetation, were frequently found off Valentia Island. Dr. Waller said that a gentleman present had kindly consented to read another paper on some iron specimens of Ireland. Mr. Atkinson then came forward and read a paper on that subject. Mr. Thomas Miller said that Ireland was peculiarly rich in iron. He had discovered the

ore of that metal in a mountain near Lough Gowna, in the county of Longford, and from investigations was enabled to say that it existed there in enormous abundance. Professor Penny, of Glasgow, had analyzed the specimen of iron alluded to, and found that it unfortunately possessed silica in such quantities as to render it almost useless. He (Mr. Miller) looked forward with hope to the time when the mineral resources of Ireland, particularly her ironstrata, would be brought into beneficial operation, and thereby conduce to the nation's stability. The meeting then broke up.

A meeting of the Committee of the Tenant League was held at the Council Rooms, John Cashel Hoey, Esq., in the chair. The Secretary reported that petitions in favor of Tenant Right had been received from various parishes in the city. They were accordingly directed to be forwarded to G. H. Moore, Esq., M. P., for presentation. The petition of the Members of the Council was also adopted, forwarded, and ordered to be published.

Messrs. Wm. H. Cox, G. B. A. Bateman, and James Fox, three students of Trinity College, were brought up in custody, charged with having, between two and three o'clock on that morning, attempted to remove the knockers from several hall doors in the neighborhood of William street. Fined £1 each, or in default, one month's imprisonment.

Galway.

A young man named Connell, was driving a cart from Athenry to Tuam, and within a short distance of his house, going along a small boroen, the cart and mule were upset into a deep rut or pit on the road side, and he was unfortunately killed. The deceased being at the time inside a box or crate which was fixed on the cart, and being asleep, was suffocated before any assistance reached him. Dr. Bodkin made a *post mortem* examination, and an inquest was held in the Court-house by Andrew Hosty, Esq., coroner, when a verdict in accordance with the facts, of which the foregoing is an epitome, was returned by the jury. Deceased was only 22 years of age, and was the chief support of his aged parents.—*Tuam Herald*.

On the fair day of this town, as a man named Gilmore, from Carabrowne, was proceeding towards home, he was attacked by two men named Flemming, father and son, and very cruelly treated. When knocked down the younger Flemming stabbed him with a knife, and then made off. The father and sister were arrested that evening, and committed to prison. Gilmore was removed to the county infirmary, where his wounds were dressed. Young Flemming was arrested by Constable Barry, and lodged in jail. The two men and the girl have been admitted to bail.—*Mercury*.

Kerry.

The election which terminated in the unopposed return of the Irish Chief Secretary, came off. When Col. Herbert, Sir William Duncan Godfrey, Mr. William Talbot Crosbie, and half a dozen other gentlemen first appeared on the hustings, there were very few persons in the court. Edward Hussey, High Sheriff, having taken the chair, Sir William Duncan Godfrey came forward and proposed Mr. Herbert. Mr. Crosbie seconded the nomination. There being no other candidate, the High Sheriff declared Colonel Herbert duly elected.

King's County.

On Monday, the 8th of June, George Heehan, Esq., coroner, arrived at Munny, within two miles of Frankfort, for the purpose of holding an inquest on the body of Patrick Conran, who died from the effects of a blow of a stone, inflicted by, it is alleged, a relative of his named James Warren, when returning from the fair of Frankfort. A. Stoney, J.P., and T. Brereton, R.M., Parsinstown, with Sub-Inspector De Geron, were also present. A jury of fifteen, of which George Kingsmill, Esq., was foreman, having been sworn, several witnesses were examined, many of whom gave their testimony with great reluctance, and it was with much difficulty the facts were elicited. It appeared in evidence that the deceased and the accused were first cousins, and for a long period their families have been at variance with each other in consequence of some dispute respecting the possession of land, which resulted in an action at law. Both parties attended the last fair of this town, on the 28th ult. The deceased was accompanied on his way home by his sisters and some acquaintances. At the four roads of Munny they were overtaken by James Warren, when one of the women applied the epithet of "perjurer" to him, which provoked him to strike her. Parties then interfered which prevented further violence, and the Conrans proceeded homewards, but were shortly again overtaken by Warren, who, without any provocation, knocked both the girls down. They shouted murder, and their brother, who was a little in advance of them, ran back to their assistance, and on asking "What is this?" James Warren raised a

stone, which he threw at him, and knocked him down. Warren was then hurried away by some of the bystanders, and has since evaded the vigilance of the constabulary. When Conran was raised up it was found that he had been wounded severely in the forehead and bleeding profusely. He was removed to his house, where he was confined to his bed, but so anxious were his family and friends to screen the offender, that they allowed the deceased to remain without medical assistance until Dr. Jacob, of Parsons-town, was called to see him, and found him laboring under a compound depressed fracture of the skull, and in a very hopeless state. The doctor again visited him, the urgent symptoms were increasing, and, as apprehended, the unfortunate young man died. The testimony of the several witnesses as to these facts having been given, Dr. Jacob, who had made a *post mortem* examination and dissection of the head proved the nature of the injuries which were the cause of death. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, found a verdict: That the deceased died from the injuries inflicted on him by James Warren, for whose apprehension the coroner issued his warrant, and the proceedings terminated.

Limerick.

An application will be made to the Assistant Barrister at the coming sessions at Rathkeale to have that town appointed as the polling-place for the baronies of Upper and Lower Comelloe at parliamentary elections, as Newcastle, the present polling-place, is too far distant.

Louth.

The *Newry Telegraph* announces as a matter of great importance to its town and district, that a natural passage has just been discovered into the Lough of Carlingford. This paper says: "Quite a sensation has been created in our town during the week by the report of the finding out of what is spoken of as a new passage, wholly avoiding the well-known bar, into what Sir John Rennie has pronounced to be 'the fine natural asylum harbor of Lough Carlingford.' This discovery has been made by the Admiralty surveyors at present officially inspecting the coast. What is spoken of as the 'new channel' runs south of the bar, on the Carlingford side of the Lough. Its navigability has been tested. One of the Admiralty surveyors—Mr. Hoskins, master in the royal navy, by whom the new passage has been recently discovered—being desirous of some vessel trying the experiment of navigating the channel, furnished the bearings to Capt. Smith, of her Majesty's cutter Chance. That officer, who has been seventeen years on the station, made the trial on Monday, the 1st of June, and went out through the passage, finding it as much as 600 feet wide, with not less than twenty-two feet deep at low water. The bearing of the entrance at this new passage has been sketched for the information of nautical readers. We may add that the assumption of Captain Smith is that this was the usually navigated passage in olden times, when in all probability that which now constitutes the well-known bar was part of the land, upon which the sea has gradually and successfully encroached in the interval. However the fact may be as regards former availability of this passage, enough for our purpose that it is now available. Nature having done so much for Lough Carlingford should constitute an inducement to the Admiralty to bring human agency to supplement the work; and, by the removal of some portion of the bar, to open up a highway, towards which ships may bear up with confidence during the prevalence of southeast gales, to find free entrance and perfect safety within our 'fine natural asylum harbor.'"

Queen's County.

The foundation stone of the Maryborough gasometer was laid amid the usual ceremonies. The stone was laid by Thomas Turpin, Esq., the chairman of the company, assisted by the engineer, Mr. Lalor, of Alliance Gas Company, and the contractor, Mr. Daniel, of Dublin. Under the foundation stone was laid a bottle hermetically sealed, containing the various coins of the realm, a parchment document containing the names of the directors, chairman, secretary, engineer and builders, with the date and name of the person laying the stone. The laying down of the stone was notified by the discharging of a small piece of artillery, and there were repeated rounds of cheering.—*Leinster Express*.

Tipperary.

We referred recently to the discovery of the skeleton of a monk or abbot in the excavations rendered necessary for the reconstruction of St. Mary's Church, Clonmel. Since then the laborers brought to light some curious stones, probably covers or lids of ancient stone coffins, on which are traced the outlines of beautifully designed crosses of the *fleur de lis* pattern: also, a stone, much injured, bearing along its upper edge the remains of what appears to be an Irish inscription, and near one of its angles, a depressed quartrefoil of about ten inches square in which the head of a nun is carved in re-

lief; a portion of the edge of the stone, close to the inscription, is worn by friction, and the use to which it has been applied has led to many conjectures on the subject; among others it is supposed to have been used as a bench probably in the porch of the old abbey or church, on the site of which the present building stands. This may account for the worn appearance of its outward edge, but not for the quartrefoiled nun's head, which, by the way, is turned from the inscription. Another supposition is that the stone was a holy-water table; but the shallow depth of the quartrefoil, and small spaces left in it for the water, owing to the size of the nun's head, would render it improbable; had it been used, the edges of the quartrefoil would probably be worn by the constant friction of hands. From the facts of these stones having been inserted in the foundations of the piers, and other places where they are hidden from view, and also a very elaborately sculptured tombstone having been disinterred in the church aisle, we may conclude that the church was built since the Reformation, and that the materials of its ancient predecessor were used in its construction. Around the stone above alluded to, in old English text, appears an inscription. The inscription reads from right to left. The centre of the monumental slab is elaborately carved with various devices commemorative of the Death and Passion of Our Saviour. Around the head of an ornamental cross is a crown of plaited thorns beautifully interlaced, and on either side appears the sun and moon. Towards the base on the left side a coat of arms is placed, two lions passant, with embattlements between, and the initials I. C. Above the shield appears two hands and two feet with the marks of nails through them; a hammer, a pincers, thirty pieces of silver, Judas' tree, and money bag; the pot which held the vinegar and hyssop. These emblems are surmounted with a cock. On the right side are the armorial bearings of the Whites. Over the shield are beautifully executed the robe for which the Roman soldiery cast lots, the dice, spears, sponge, two scourges, ladder, ropes, &c.—*Clonmel Chronicle*.

Fifty-eight women and girls, and two boys, all comfortably attired, and all apparently in happy spirits, left the workhouse of Clonmel, under the care of the master, Mr. Murphy, for the railway station, on their way to Liverpool, where they were to embark for Canada. Their comfortable and cleanly appearance, and the regularity with which the arrangements for their departure was carried out, was most creditable to the master, and matron, while the guardians of the union must have the satisfaction of knowing that at a trifling outlay to the ratepayers, those poor creatures, who for years have spent their time in our workhouse—being of that class unsuited for the agricultural labor required in this country, are now afforded the opportunity of embarking for a country where there is a certainty of employment for them, while the union is relieved from the expense of their maintenance. Having arrived at the station, they were received by the Vice-Chairman, George Grene, Esq., Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., (Sub-Sheriff), guardians of the union, and several other guardians assembled on the platform to witness their departure. The various friends of the emigrants crowded around, and the leaves-takings were repeated. The station-master, Mr. Whitestone, soon had the girls seated in the carriages appropriated for their reception, and at eight o'clock, amid the expressions of regret of friends at their leaving, and wishes for their future welfare, the train moved off—slowly at first, but in a few minutes, the little white cloud of smoke which marked its progress was lost to view in the distance.—*Clonmel Chronicle*.

A respectable farmer named Wm. Looby, aged 70 years, residing at Balinacena, on the bounds of the counties of Tipperary and Limerick, committed suicide on the 4th ult., by cutting his throat with a razor. The cause of the unfortunate man committing this rash act is at present a mystery. His son applied at the National Bank Tipperary, for the amount of a deposit receipt for £300, which was lodged in deceased's name, but in the absence of the necessary administration, the manager of course refused payment.

A farmer named Lawrence Cashin, residing at Newpark, near Cashel, while his horse was being shod at a forge in that locality, received a kick from the animal which caused his death. On the following morning an inquest was held on the body by James J. Shee, Esq., corner, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was returned by the jury.

Tyronne.

Mr. M'Gaughey, of Omagh, has been declared the contractor for building the new Convent here; his estimate being much below any of the others, £5,022.—*Constitution*.

Wexford.

The dwelling-house of the Rev. Mr. Devereux, a Roman Catholic priest, residing in the parish of Clonmore, county Wexford, was burglariously entered by some rogue,

who carried off a considerable quantity of property. The burglar effected an entrance into his reverence's residence by breaking a pane of glass in the kitchen window, which is at the rear of the house; and having removed the fastenings he passed through the apartment unobserved by a servant, who was there asleep at the time. On going into the hall he groped about in the hope of getting possession of some wearing apparel, but in this search proved rather unsatisfactory. He next proceeded to the parlor, where, having liberally helped himself to whatever articles he considered most suitable and portable, he took his departure by the same route that he had entered, without awaking the inmates. It is supposed that the burglary was committed by a fellow who called at the house the preceding afternoon to solicit alms, representing himself as a distressed tradesman, but who only did so to reconnoitre the premises, and might possibly belong to a gang of thieves who at present invest the county.

HUGH O'NIAL, EARL OF TYRONE.—Hugh O'Nial, Earl of Tyrone, was admirably fitted by nature for desultory warfare and hazardous exploits. Patient, hardy, spirited, vigilant, athletic, temperate and valiant, he was capable of enduring extreme privations without a murmur. He was a man of polished manners, liberal education, acute intellect, persevering industry, and deep simulation. Though he had attained his fiftieth year, he yet retained the appearance of the vigor of youth. Elizabeth had granted this chieftain a pension of one thousand marks; and in her service he had acquired considerable military tactics. After his settlement in Ireland, he was entrusted with the command of six companies of soldiers, to preserve tranquillity in Ulster. When these men were trained to military evolutions, he dismissed them and levied other men in their place, and thus diffused a practical knowledge of arms through his tried and confidential vassals. He resided chiefly at Dungannon, and when he began to mature his plans for aggrandizement, he imported considerable quantities of lead, apparently to roof his castle, in that town, but in reality, to afford materials for bullets. Tyrone, not content with his sudden exaltation, soon assumed the authority, and, in process of time, the very title of "The O'Nial," which, in the genuine spirit of an Irish chieftain, he maintained was far more honorable than that of "King of Spain." He levied cesses off Mac Mahon's lands; seized upon two thousand cows, the property of Furlough O'Nial; formed an alliance offensive and defensive with the Ulster Scots; invaded Strabane with a hostile force; caused Hugh O'Nial na Glimleach, a spurious son of Shane O'Nial, to be hanged, and even seized upon Shane's two legitimate sons, who, in 1590, had escaped from the castle of Dublin and fled to Ulster for refuge. *Stuart's Armagh.*

THE BURIAL PLACE OF A RACE.—As we were trudging along on the high road to Youghal on a winter afternoon, we overtook a funeral. The mourners were of the poorest class of peasantry. There was a few women in tattered cloaks, and men with sleeveless jackets and footless stockings. The coffin had a pauper look; we watched the procession for a while, and to our surprise we saw it stop at the entrance of a stately domain. There was a slight demur, and then the gates opened wide, and the dead was carried through, and as the train struggled through avenues and sloping grounds, a wailing cry came back upon the wind. We inquired the meaning of this, and heard that the last of the lordly Geraldines, on selling the lands of his race, had reserved the right of burial in their own ground to all his descendants for ever. The right had been religiously exacted, and whenever any one who could claim descent from this line, however poor he might be, died, the body claimed the privilege of this strange tenure, and the lordly owner of the vast estates was compelled perforce to see the funeral train pass beneath his castle window, and hear the wailings cry over the grave. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

ANGLING AND SEA FISHING IN IRELAND.—Having had experience on both subjects, especially in the southwest of Ireland, I think Waterville (Lough Currane) one of the best places in the south of Ireland for angling, whether for salmon or white and brown trout. It is situate about ten miles from Cahircivren, county Kerry. Killarney is about thirty-seven miles from Cahircivren. There is a fair accommodation obtainable at Waterville. Valencia Island is about two and a half miles from Cahircivren. To that place there is a public conveyance from Killarney. There is a good little hotel at Valencia, and there are lodgings to be had on moderate terms. The fish, especially near the Skelligs Rocks, run very large—from 21 lbs. to 25 lbs. The haddock caught off the coast are the finest that ever I saw; boats can be hired, which answer well enough for the purpose. The ferry between the main land and Valencia is about half a mile; Waterville distant eight miles. "Alpha" (*In The Field*).

Smith O'Brien's eldest son has taken a first-class scholarship in Trinity College.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS AND TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. P. MEANY, C.C., CLASHMORE.—A deputation from the committee and subscribers to the testimonial from the inhabitants of Clonmel, of all creeds and classes, to the Rev. P. Meany, on his removal from the curacy of St. Mary's to Clashmore, presented the reverend gentleman with an address, and a purse containing one hundred and fifty-three pounds seven shillings. The deputation consisting of John Murphy, chairman of the committee; James Gill, treasurer; and M. J. Butler, secretary; William L. Hackett, Michael Guiry, Patrick Corcoran, T.C., and Stephen Pepper, T.C., Esqrs., left Clonmel at an early hour, and arrived in Clashmore in time for the last Mass, which was celebrated by Father Meany, who preached a very able sermon in Irish, on the Trinity, to an immense congregation. On their arrival they were most warmly greeted by their Rev. friend, and by the Rev. J. Long, his fellow curate. When Mass had concluded they proceeded to Bayview, the picturesque residence of the truly excellent and hospitable pastor, the Rev. Gerald F. Long, P. P., who received them most kindly, and welcomed them with the courtesy and cordiality of an Irish gentleman. The committee proceeded to fulfil their mission, and Counsellor Hackett having been delegated to present the address and testimonial, spoke briefly as to the gratifying duty allotted to him to discharge, and to the earnest regard evinced by all classes in Clonmel, for the gentleman whom they had so spiritedly honored. He then proceeded to read the address. At its termination the treasurer handed Mr. Hackett a beautifully wrought purse, containing £153 7s. in gold, which, with the address, he presented to Father Meany, and expressed, in the name of the committee, their satisfaction at the successful termination of their labors, and for the welfare and happiness of their reverend friend, whose departure from Clonmel was so severely regretted. Father Meany, who was deeply affected, spoke gratefully and warmly of the people of Clonmel and of the too generous manifestation of their regard, and with considerable feeling read the reply to the address. When this ceremony had concluded an interchange of greeting took place between the deputation and the reverend gentleman. In the evening the deputation was most hospitably entertained by the respected parish priest (the Rev. Mr. Long) at a splendid banquet, and spent some hours most agreeably, until the hour of departure arrived, when, having taken farewell of their reverend host and his worthy curate, and bade a warm adieu to Father Meany, the deputation proceeded on their return to Clonmel. *Tipperary Free Press.*

CLOSE OF THE DOMINICAN MISSION IN KILLARNEY.—It would be difficult to describe the closing scene of the Dominican Mission here. Picture to yourself our noble cathedral, with all its architectural accessories, filled with the largest congregation that ever bent the knee in a Catholic church in this country, each individual holding a lighted taper, and you will form some idea of the magnificent tableau. The Very Rev. Dr. Russell preached the farewell sermon, and impressed upon his hearers that all their pious sorrows, their tears and wailing, would be but so many evidences against them on the Day of Judgment, if they did not persevere in the course which so many of them had now happily commenced. When the religious ceremonies of the evening had closed, the Very Rev. Dr. Russell called on the congregation to repeat the Ten Commandments after him (which they did audibly), and to renew their baptismal vows. A subscription of £134 was presented to the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, which that distinguished ecclesiastic, in a self-sacrificing spirit, immediately lodged in the bank for the purpose of originating a fund for the erection of an additional stained window in the cathedral. *Tralee Chronicle.*

CONFIRMATION AT CASTLEBEE.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 493 children—males 197, females 296—in the parish chapel. We need hardly say that the chapel was thronged during the day with a crowd of anxious hearers; the ceremonies of the church here are not attended by mere sight-seers. The confirmation sermon was preached by the Rev. Father M'Loughlin. The text—John, 14 chap., 16 v. It is worthy of remark that the eloquent preacher used the *mother tongue* during the whole of his thrilling, beautiful sermon. As a rule, all the priests of the archdiocese preach in Irish; and they have a shining example in their patriotic bishop, who rarely allows the tongue of the enslaver to be the medium of communication between himself and his people. In his exhortations to the parents and children he spoke in Irish. On Sunday he celebrated the nine o'clock Mass, after which he delivered a long sermon in the language of the people. *Mayo Telegraph.*

DEPARTURE OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS FROM THE PARISH OF HOOK.—A large congregation assembled in Templetown chapel to hear Mass and to receive once again the blessing of the Fathers before their departure. When the moment arrived, the people surrounded the cars; all would shake hands with the good Missionaries; the young scarcely hoped to see them again; the old despaired of ever enjoying such a blessing. The scene, indeed, was very touching, and the Fathers themselves were deeply affected. Father Theunis started for Enniscorthy, to make arrangements for the mission which will be opened in that town. Father Petherine and Bradshaw left, on their way to Waterford, to be in time for the three o'clock train to Limerick. As they passed the people left their work and ran to the road side to kneel for their blessing, and bid them an affectionate "God be with you." The entire village of Duncannon turned out to honor the Fathers, but especially the soldiers, sailors, and fishermen, to see once more their favorite, Father Petherine. Thousands of people had in the meantime assembled at the ferry of Ballyhack, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Fathers. Here the scene was grand and imposing in the highest degree. Numbers of boats under oars, (or canvass,) and filled with people. Some of them lay by to the quay, others swept gracefully under a smart breeze to and fro on the surface of this splendid basin. An immense crowd of both sexes occupied the road, and the rocks which overhang the harbor. From the boat destined for the Fathers there floated an extemporized green flag, ornamented with a cross. No sooner did they place foot on board, than all the boats gave a salute of three hearty cheers; followed by a discharge of some half-dozen guns in quick succession. When the boats reached the opposite shore, the scene was, if possible, more exciting. The good people of Passage, young and old, were upon the strand to receive the Fathers. The car could not move on for a considerable time, the crowd surrounding it, and following before and after it when it would try to advance; at length the Fathers had to tear themselves away, and in a few minutes a bend in the new line to Waterford cut off those holy priests from the sight of a people who will ever remember their zeal with the tenderest love and the most lasting gratitude. *Wexford People.*

ORDINATIONS IN MAYNOOTH.—Thirty young clergymen were either altogether ordained or received the preparatory orders of the priesthood in Maynooth on Ember Saturday, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen presiding. Among the young clergymen were the Rev. Mr. Carmody, nephew of Father Carmody, formerly of Glenbeigh, and now parish priest of Castlemaize, county Kerry; and the Rev. Daniel McCarthy, of Ballybunnion. Among the gentlemen who received minor orders were the Rev. Mr. Murphy, the Rev. Mr. Lalor, and Rev. Mr. Scully, of the same county. Many ladies and gentlemen from Dublin and its neighborhood were present to witness the impressive ceremonies. *Munster News.*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—We believe that a branch of the pious and zealous Dominican Order is to be established in Tralee, at the request of the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of the Diocese. During the recent mission of the Fathers in Killarney, few Catholics within a circle of ten miles round the town, and few in it, were absent from approaching the holy sacrament. Half the parish of Tralee is to be allocated to the Rev. Fathers. *Ibid.*

DEATH OF A SISTER OF MERCY.—We regret to announce the death of Miss Rice, of the county Waterford, called in religion Sister Mary Paula, which took place at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy on June 2d. This pious lady was one of the generous band that first went as nurses to the army in the East, and she continued, throughout the whole war, to render the greatest service in the hospitals of Turkey and the Crimea. But her constitution, which was sustained by pious zeal under the greatest dangers and sufferings, sank some time after her return. The memory of her kindness in soothing the soldiers' bed of sickness in a distant land will long survive her. *Cork Examiner.*

MISSION AT RATHFARNHAM.—The Dominican Fathers have opened a mission at the Catholic Church of Rathfarnham. The reverend gentlemen engaged in this holy undertaking are—the Rev. Father Towers, St. Saviour's, Denmark street, Dublin; the Rev. Father Rush, St. Mary's, Tallaght; the Rev. Father Burke, of do., and Rev. Father Carberry, Cork. The people from the surrounding districts are crowding to the confessional; and the good Fathers have been visited by many an outcast from the faith. These missions have a marvellous effect on the inhabitants of the rural districts in the county Dublin, as well as every other part of the country with which they have been blessed.

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.—The Bulls confirming the nomination of the Most Rev.

Dr. Patrick Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, had been received from Rome. The announcement has imparted the liveliest joy to all who have been able to estimate the exalted character of the learned and apostolic ecclesiastic on whose brow the mitre of regal Cashel will be placed on Monday, the 29th of June, the Festival of Saints Peter and Paul. *Tipperary Vindicator.*

A grand High Mass took place in Saint Michael's Church, Gorey, county Wexford, on Sunday, the 14th of June, at which the Right Rev. Bishop Furlong presided.

CONSECRATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP NERI.—The consecration of persons and things to the service of God by peculiar ceremonies is almost as ancient as the creation of man and his worship of God. It is an offering of that which is consecrated to God to be used only in His services, and from which, therefore, all subversivity to the powers of earth or hell must be removed or exercised, by the power God has left to His Church, so that it shall be a clean offering worthy of His acceptance. The ceremony at St. Philip Neri commenced about half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann officiating Pontificaly. The Rev. Father Priest, Pastor of the Church, Assistant Priest; the Rev. Nicholas O'Brien, of the Seminary, Archdeacon; Rev. David Whelan, of St. Philip's, Official Deacon; Rev. Robert Reilly, of St. Philip's, Sub-Deacon; Rev. Mr. McGuinness, Deacon Extraordinary; Rev. Mr. Brangan, 1st Master of Ceremonies; and Mr. Finney, of the Seminary, 2d Master of Ceremonies. Rev. Fathers O'Brien, Loughran, (of St. Michael's,) Sheridan and McAnany, (of St. Paul's,) Lane, (St. Teresa's,) and Gilligan, with several students of the Seminary, Chanters. These, with the cross bearer, taper bearers, and incense bearers—students of the Theological Seminary all took their assigned part in the ceremonies. *Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.*

EXHIBITION AT ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE, YOUNGSTOWN.—The Annual Exhibition at this Institution will take place on Thursday, the 2d of July. The students will deliver orations, dialogues, &c., in the English, German, French, and Latin languages. The band of music attached to the Institution will also take part in the performances. The Faculty invite the friends of the Institution and the lovers of intellectual entertainment generally to honor them with their presence. Nothing will be left undone to secure pleasure and comfort to the visitor. *Pittsburg Catholic.*

CONFIRMATION.—The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore administered the holy sacrament of Confirmation to 218 persons, in the Cathedral. Upwards of 400 children received the Holy Communion on the same day. In the afternoon, all who were confirmed, solemnly renewed their baptismal vows, in presence of a large and edified congregation.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—The Rev. Simon* Pettit Lalumier, of the diocese of Vincennes, died at his residence in Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 25th ult., in the fifty-third year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his priesthood. He was a native of Indiana, and was educated in the Seminary of Bardonia, Ky., under the venerable Bishop Flaget.

CONFERENCE.—A conference of the Clergy of the Northern Counties within the Diocese of Philadelphia, will take place in St. Vincent's Church, Scranton, on Tuesday the 28th July.

A new Church devoted to the Ever-Immaculate Mother of God is shortly to be erected in Hamilton, Ohio. The Most Rev. Archbishop Russell visited Hamilton on Sunday, the 28th ult., in order to make arrangements for that purpose.

The annual Exhibition and Distribution of Premiums at the Visitation Academy, Frederick, Md., will take place on the 7th of July, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Miscellany* pledges himself to contribute \$1,000 towards the erection of an American College in Rome.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Edward B. Braddell, Esq., of Victoria, Malloy, county Cork, late Captain of H. M.'s 70th regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Elliott, Esq., Johnstown House, county Carlow.

At Monkstown Church, R. G. Caldwell, Esq., son of the late Wm. Caldwell, of Greenan, Ayrshire, Esq., to Frances Jane, second daughter of the late Major G. Wolsey, 25th King's Own Borderers.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, the 6th June, at Clonakilty, from the effects of fever, John O'Hea, Esq., aged 28, Manager at Gloucester of the West of England Bank.

At Hastings, Henry Dillon Trant, Esq., of Belgard, county Dublin. R. I. P.

In York street, Dublin, aged 45, Robert Conway, Esq., solicitor.

Aged 9 days, the infant son of Mr. Henry Webb, lessee of the Queen's Theatre.

Of a short illness, at 49 Rathmines Road, Mr. Wm. C. Evans, jun., in his 56th year.

At Lower Sherrard street, Dublin, Robert Satter, Esq.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship *Persia* arrived at this port on the 23rd ult., with intelligence to the 13th June. In France the coming elections engross the entire public attention. The "Opposition," as the party opposed to the government are termed, are using strenuous exertions to return their men, and in Paris the heads of the party had agreed on a list of candidates. Of their chances in the departments it is difficult to decide with any certainty. The Emperor has proclaimed his list of candidates. From England there is nothing unusually attractive. In the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck had given notice of his intention to bring forward a motion, to the effect that the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be abolished, and a fourth Secretary of State appointed. In Ireland different opinions seem to be entertained of this measure. The *Nation* hopes Mr. Roebuck will adhere firmly to the question and "fight it out;" at the same time it insinuates very clearly that he is by no means the most persistent of statesmen, inasmuch as he has in the course of the present season abandoned two important questions, to wit, the promised Reform bill and dowry of the Princess Royal. Alluding to that viceregal institute perched on Cork-hill since the days of the second Henry, the same journal observes:

"Great will be his (Mr. Roebuck's) merit if he give even a good shake to the rotten old Castle on Cork-hill. It cannot stand much longer, the common sense of England or Ireland will not endure it. Why should the wretched sham be kept up? It is impossible to show any useful purpose which it can possibly subserve. A few idle red coats will desire its continuance, a drove of brainless, soulless snobs who think it fine to wear on a night now and again, a figured waistcoat and a wooden sword, will pray that they be spared the Castle, and a number of the gentler sex, for their own convincing reasons, will declare it is impossible to do without it. To these we must add the lion and unicorn tradesmen, and flunkey newspapers. But the 'institution' to the country at large is a nuisance and a bore, and it should be abolished."

The literary world has suffered a decided loss in the demise of Douglas Jerrold, the well known dramatist, and author of the celebrated "Caudle's Lectures," a series of papers which during the entire period of their publication rivetted the public attention to a degree never excelled since the days of the *Spectator* or *Rambler*. Mr. Jerrold's death took place on Monday, the 8th of June, in the 55th year of his age. He was born in London on the 3rd of January, 1803, and to his father's profession, which was that of manager of the Sheerness Theatre, may be attributed that love of literature and of the drama which actuated him through life. During his latter years he was principal editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, a London journal which he edited with marked success.

But a second among the remarkable men of the age has fallen, and one with whom the readers of this Journal are more closely identified—we allude to that consistent and patriotic Irishman, Robert Holmes. During the entire course of a long and varied career did this distinguished man hold steady to the principles of his early days. No inducements from first Ministers of the Crown, no regal patronage obtained at the price of his country's dishonor, could induce him to swerve from the noble policy which marked his outset in life. While his inferiors in standing and ability flaunted in ermine and silk, he with more than Fabrician virtue, and at a time when men were beset with temptations, contented himself with a plain stuff gown and an easy conscience, that never failing accompaniment of good men. In early life the friend of Thomas Addis Emmet and other men of the same school, we find him fifty years afterwards the uncompromising advocate of men professing the same political creed as theirs. We would dwell at greater length on this worthy member of a bar which for eloquence and forensic ability stood second to none in Europe, but that an article which we copy from another source obviates that necessity, by paying him that tribute which none merited so well. Peace to the

old man's ashes, and long may his memory be respected in the land which gave him birth.

Hostilities have broken out afresh between the Russians and Circassians, and an expedition, headed by a Russian officer of well known military talents, has been dispatched against the mountaineers.

A military revolution has broken out in India. In Lucknow, Barrackpore, Meerut, Dinapore, Agra, Umballah, and several other military stations, the native troops are represented to be in a state of mutiny. Entire regiments, both infantry and cavalry, have assumed a threatening attitude, and refuse to do duty. Several of those contumacious corps have been disbanded, but the experiment has failed in putting down insubordination. It is not Russian aggression alone that Britain has to fear in the East; a sure and more certain enemy is more likely to arise in the shape of those armed and disciplined natives, whom she has tried every means that ingenuity could devise to degrade and demoralize, by keeping them continually at a distance from home, and perpetually engaged in cutting the throats of their brethren. This great force which now amounts to a quarter of a million of men, has discovered its strength, and does not relish the idea of being remunerated for their services with even a sufficient supply of calico and rice. An extensive region inhabited by more than one hundred millions is not likely to remain quiescent long. Let them but once learn their strength, and the spell which bound them is shortly rent.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

A RESTLESS WOMAN.—Madame George Sand or Dudevant, *feuilleton* of her life in *La Presse*, gives an amusing account of her deceased mother, who had a hatred of repose: "She would buy, for instance, a bonnet, because she thought it charming. The evening of the day she bought it, she would find it hideous—take off the ribbons, then the flowers—take out the lace, and change the arrangement with readiness and taste. Her bonnet would please her all next day. But the day after there must be another radical reform; and so on, for some days, until the unlucky bonnet, always in a state of metamorphosis, became totally indifferent to her. She would wear it with the utmost disdain, professing she did not care what she put on, till the fancy should seize her to buy another new bonnet! Her black hair was still very fine. She got tired of being a brunette, and put on a blonde wig; yet, by so doing she could not manage to disfigure herself. She took a fancy for herself as a blonde for a while, then she abused herself for being flaxen, and chose to be a bright chestnut. Presently she returned to ashy-pale looks—then went back to her own mellow black hair; and this to such purpose that I saw her with different hair for every day in the week. The childish frivolity did not exclude laborious occupation and very minute domestic cares. She had her own delights of imagination, and would read the romances of M. d'Arincourt with positive frenzy, far into the night; but that did not hinder her from being astir at six in the morning, to begin anew her toilettes, her excursions, her needlework, her merriment, her despair, and her fits of passion."

FISH AND FLESH IN PARIS.—It appears that the butchers of Paris, in order to evade the tax upon meat, find means to buy up cattle at a comparatively low price before it comes to market, and then at market they readily pay the high rates asked, and in this way raise the averages which regulate the retail price. It will be absolutely necessary to throw open the trade unless meat is always to remain at a famine price, which it is now. In all the restaurants, except, perhaps, a few of the first class, the food offered to consumers get worse and worse, and private individuals find that for prime pieces they must pay prices that were never heard of before the tax. The under part of the surlouin, called *filet de bœuf*, the only part of a French ox which can be relied upon to be tender, is frequently sold at half a crown a pound! The extent to which the Parisians suffer from regulations interfering with the laws of supply and demand is almost incredible. You can scarcely ever get fish really fresh in Paris; and yet there is no reason in the nature of things why it should not be just as well supplied as London. A company was projected for bringing up fish with rapidity from the different ports, but when all the arrangements were nearly made, it was discovered that the regulations would make the enterprise hopeless.

BELGIUM.—Forty-seven Members of the Right had a private meeting; none of the ministers were present. It was decided to recommend the withdrawal of the obnoxious Charity Bill on account of the irritation it produced. The *Independence* says that the chamber will not reassemble, but the session will shortly be closed by a royal decree.

PETRARCH AND THE BISHOP.—The mind of Petrarch was always gloomy and dejected, except when he was reading, writing, or resigned to the agreeable illusions of poetry, upon the banks of some inspiring stream, among the romantic rocks and mountains, or the flower-embellished valleys of the Alps. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every inn where he stopped for refreshment. One of his friends, the Bishop of Caavillon,—being alarmed lest the intense application with which he studied at Vaucluse might totally ruin a constitution already much impaired, requested of him, one day, the key of his library. Petrarch immediately gave it to him, without asking the reason of his request, when the good bishop instantly locking up his books and writing-desk said: "Petrarch, I hereby interdict you from the use of pen, ink and paper, for the space of ten days." The sentence was severe; but the offender suppressed his feelings, and submitted to his fate. The first day of exile from his favorite pursuits was tedious, the second was accompanied with incessant headache, and the third brought on symptoms of an approaching fever. The bishop, observing his indisposition, kindly returned him the key, and thus restored him to his health.

THE GRENADEIER'S MESS AND THE WOODEN SPOON.—During the French campaign of 1809, in Austria, Napoleon, attended by Berthier, visited one evening the camp-works going on at Amstutz, within two leagues of Vienna. The emperor and the prince of Wagram, both dressed as simple officers, entered a hut occupied by some grenadiers who were ranged in a circle round a large wooden bowl containing a mess, to which they seemed well prepared to do justice. The new-comers were invited to have share of the supper as long as it lasted, awaiting the return of a party who were out foraging. They accordingly took their places in the circle, a pewter spoon was given to each, and they worked away at the mess with much apparent relish. Napoleon having gone out first, Berthier left the grenadiers a purse of gold in return for their hospitality, making known to them at the same time the illustrious guest whom they had just entertained. It is unnecessary to say that this incident was very soon known all through the army. The fortune-teller grenadier who was the owner of the pewter spoon used by the emperor, wore it dangling from his button-hole even on parade, and would not have exchanged it for any order or decoration.

LABLACHE.—The great levitation of song had proposed singing in London this season for the last time. The preparations for his journey were all made, and he was ready to depart, having taken leave of his friends and received their commissions and congratulations on the occasion, when lo!—at the very moment of starting from the house for the railway station—a letter is put into his hand from his solicitor in London, who writes as follows: "Dear Sir—I hasten to inform you that you stand indebted to the crown in the sum of £500 for income tax, and I think it my duty to warn you of your liability to the strongest measures in case of the non-payment thereof." &c. Poor Lablache, who had laughed heartily at first, grew grave, however, on being assured of his responsibility in the case; and setting aside for the present his intention of pocketing a few more English guineas, he thought it wiser to avoid risking the safety of those already acquired, so he ordered his portmanteau to be uncorded, and went back again to bed, fully determined to await further advice before he ventures upon speculation on English ground.

NAPOLEON FALSELY ACCUSED OF MATERIALISM.—Napoleon was fond of talking of religion, although his ideas on that subject were sufficiently vague. "I have often seen him," said M. Bourrienne, "at Passeriano, in Egypt, on board of the Orient and the Muiron, take a very active part in animated conversations on this subject. He willingly admitted all that was proved to him, and all that appeared of mere human invention or as creeping in with time; but he would never hear a word in favor of materialism. I remember him on deck one beautiful night with some persons who were discussing, and rather professing this fearful doctrine. All at once he raised his hand, and pointing to the heavens, said: 'Fine talk, gentlemen; who do you think made all that?'"

THE COMET AND THE PRUSSIAN WEAVERS.—Some amusement has been caused by the fact, reported in letters to merchants, that among the educated Prussian people a great many weavers have ceased to work, because the world is to be destroyed by a comet in the course of a few weeks, and they may as well spend their few remaining days in the luxury of idleness. This is said to be actually preventing orders being given by manufacturers for yarn.—*Manchester Guardian*.

None of Dickens's serials have so fluctuated in sale as *Dorrit*. Beginning with an issue of 45,000, the highest number of any of the series, it has descended occasionally to 30,000. This difference of 15,000 is equal in itself to the aggregate issue of *Blackwood*, *Frazer*, *Bentley*, *Gentleman's*, and all the rest of the ordinary monthlies. But *Dorrit* rallied repeatedly to nearly the original number; and the average on the whole impression for the nineteen months fully bears out the credit he takes in the introduction as to his audience having never been so numerous.

It is stated that the Porte had demanded of the Belgian government the recall of its Minister, and the latter having refused to comply, a suspension of diplomatic relations was looked for. No cause is assigned.

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is bedtime, and sing their national song until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers, answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman Emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

Mr. Brifaut, member of the French Academy, expired lately at the age of 77. He was author of the tragedies of *Jane Grey*, (1807,) *Ninus II.*, (1813,) *Charles de Navarre*, (1820,) an opera named *Olympic*, (1820,) of which Spontini composed the music, and of several fugitive pieces of verse, none of any great merit. Among them were some stanzas in honor of the birth of the King of Rome, and a piece of verse in honor of the return of Louis XVIII. His last work was his reply to Count de Falloux at the reception of the latter as an Academician.

The electoral movement in France is daily becoming more lively, and if things go on as at the present rate there will certainly be something like political excitement in Paris and the large towns. Count Montalembert in his address to the electors says that he is ready again to receive their suffrages if they think there are truths to be declared, rights to be preserved, progress to be effected, generous rules obeyed, abuses to be abolished, taxes to be reduced, and trusts to be vigilantly guarded.

The Austrian Cabinet has addressed a circular to the German Courts complaining of the attitude of Prussia on the question of the Danubian Principalities. The reply of Prussia professes fully to refute these allegations. The replies of the majority of the German Courts to the Austrian circular on the question have reached Vienna. They avoid expressing an opinion on the dispute between Austria and Sardinia.

M. Courtines, the French engineer who was employed at the construction of the principal French railways, and who was commissioned formerly, in conjunction with MM. Garelli, to study the question of cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, has been admitted into the Russian service, and appointed one of the principal engineers of the Russian railways.

The French navy appears to have rendered important services on the coast of Algeria during the recent campaign against the Kabyles. Several vessels of war watched the movements of the tribes dwelling on the coast. Two steamers, the *Cacique* and the *Gregois*, in a fortnight transported 2,000 tons of munitions and 500 sick or wounded.

The original manuscript of Justinian's Code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria. That vast code of laws had been, in a manner, unknown from the time of that Emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and, when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

Pichegru, who had been one of Napoleon's preceptors, said in London, when there was question of endeavoring to gain over the hero of Italy: "It would be only so much time lost; I knew him when a child; he was then and must be now, of an inflexible disposition: he has made up his mind, and will not change it."

In Russia, the students have founded a Review resembling the English University magazines; and in Denmark quite a sensation has been produced by a historical poem, *The Flight of the Stag*. The author is M. Winter, formerly tutor of King William.

When Napoleon landed in France on his return from Elba, an old soldier came to him in his bivouac. "Sire," said he, "I belong to you." The Emperor turning to Count Bertrand, laughed and said: "Here is a re-inforcement already."

At Florence, on the 12th June, the scenery of the theatre caught fire during the performance of the "Siege of Sebastopol." A panic arose, when forty-three persons were killed, and one hundred and thirty-four wounded.

The police of Berlin have, it is said, obtained a clue to a wide spread conspiracy among the working classes for the purpose of bringing about a general strike in all trades on the same day in Germany, Belgium and Switzerland.

Very few hopes of the recovery of Mdlle. Rachel are entertained by the Paris medical faculty. The great tragedienne was still at Montpelier, sinking fast into a hopeless decline.

The shipwrecked Mariners' Society have resolved to appropriate £5,000 of its funded property to head a subscription for worn out and disabled seamen.

Of strong memory few examples will compare in force, with that of Cooke, the tragedian; who, it is said, committed the *entire contents* of a daily newspaper in the space of eight hours.

The official note given to the press in certain departments of France, to abstain from discussing the electoral question, has been withdrawn.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THREE CHILDREN DROWNED BY THEIR MOTHER.—On the 28th of May, the village of Leoni, Jackson County, Miss., was the scene of a terrible tragedy. Mrs. Logan, a colored woman, in a fit of mental derangement, attempted the murder of her whole family. In the absence of her husband she called all her children into the house—the oldest being but 14 years of age, and forbid their going out. Presently she took one of her children, went out and threw it in the well; then another, and so on, until she carried out four. The older children having their fears excited, followed their mother with the fourth victim, and saw her throw it into the well. They tried to interfere, but were unable—the maniac mother making most desperate efforts to drown them; falling in this she threw herself down upon her dead and drowning children. The well was some 12 feet deep, with about four feet water. While in the well, her children from the top handed her down a pole, to which the mother and one child clung, and were drawn out. The remaining three were drowned—all efforts to resuscitate them proved unavailing. Pecuniary troubles, it is said, induced the temporary aberration of mind which led to this dreadful tragedy.

THE LADIES OF CHICAGO.—A correspondent of one of the papers writes most savagely from Chicago, about the ladies of that fine pavement city. We expect the writer will be called to an account for the following paragraph: "Owing to the peculiarity of the water, the ladies generally wear a tallow-candle complexion, which does not admit of rouge. They have their extensive dry goods and jewelry stores, and wear out costly silks and muslins by trailing them in the streets, as do the gentle creatures in New York. Crinolines are worn at all times, though difficult to manage on the heavy grades of the sidewalks. They are sure-footed, and get through the doughy mud of the streets with an agility at once surprising and amusing. They do not wear veils; the parasol-handle sucking is carried on as in other places, with the exception that they bite the ivory off in minute pieces, and chew it as if a slate pencil. The hours of recreation are about twelve, viz.: three for sitting on the stoop in the morning; three for looking out of the windows after midday; three for promenade in the afternoon, and three for entertainments in the evening."

WAS TEXAS PART OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE?—Mr. H. D. Patrick, of Texas, has found, at some distance below the surface of the ground, near Leona, an ancient copper coin, about the size of a cent. The original figures and lettering on both sides have been considerably defaced by the apparent corrosion of ages. On one side, however, can be plainly seen the word "Cæsar" on the outer edge, and over an image much like all such as we have seen of the Roman Emperor on other ancient coins. There are visible two or three of the letters of the word "Julius," on the left of Cæsar, and on the right some of the Roman numerals, but are too much corroded to be clearly made out. On the reverse side is the image of a Roman soldier, with a shield in one hand and the other elevated, but so much defaced that the weapon held is not visible.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

OHIO BANKS.—The quarterly statement of the Ohio Banks made on the first Monday of May, shows that they have a total of nearly two millions in coin, and one million seven hundred thousand notes of other banks. Due to them from other banks and bankers, over one million; over one million six hundred thousand Eastern exchange, two million seven hundred thousand bonds of the United States and State of Ohio, making over eight millions of cash, besides their notes and bills discounted. Their entire circulation is only a little over eight millions.

THE WHEAT CROP.—We are happy to have it in our power to state that the wheat crop in this county promises a most abundant yield. Several of our planters have already harvested their crops and have been amazed at the result. The coming week will be quite a busy week with our wheat-growing friends throughout this region, as the harvesting will be pretty generally completed. We may soon expect a supply of new flour in our market, therefore, made from wheat of our own production.—*Iowa Paper.*

A HINT TO FARMERS.—This being the time of year in which many cows, especially heifers, are lost at the time of coming in, farmers may not be aware that the following short and simple remedy will effect a complete cure: Take half a peck of corn cobs chopped fine, boil them well and feed while warm. The second mess was never known to fail, and it has cured cows who were not able to stand. So says a practical farmer.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—Sir George Gore and suite have returned to St. Louis from a year's hunting expedition at the headwaters of the Missouri. They report that the country was never in a worse condition respecting the Indians. The Santees and Sioux were committing atrocities against the whites, and since the removal of the troops from Forts Randall and Lookout the Indians in the neighborhood have assumed a hostile attitude.

LOUISVILLE ELECTION.—The Judicial election did not pass off without a row. The *Courier and Democrat* say that, so soon as the Plug-Ugly party discovered that the voting was not going on to suit them, they got up a fight to terrify the naturalized citizens. Col. Preston, J. F. Bullitt, and other distinguished Democrats, made a stand at the First Ward, with drawn pistols, against the bullies.

THE MOUNT VERNON ESTATE.—The ladies of the South have entered heartily into the work of raising a sum to purchase the Mount Vernon estate, so as to secure the home and grave of Washington from desecration. They have issued an appeal to the Mayors of cities and towns, and editors of newspapers throughout the Union, proposing that the coming Fourth of July may be "dedicated, and made memorable forever," by taking up Mount Vernon subscriptions in every portion of the Republic.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN UP.—At Coldwater, as we learn from the *Journal* published in that place, a villainous outrage was lately perpetrated. The Catholic Church was blown up so that it will be a total loss, being an entire wreck. Two kegs of powder were used for the purpose, and placed one under the middle, and the other under the rear sill. The ruffians were systematic in their arrangements and successful in their execution.

THE EIGHTH OF JUNE.—The one hundred and eighth anniversary of the settlement of Halifax by Captain Cornwallis was observed by the entire suspension of business. The public buildings, shipping in port, and many mercantile houses and private residences in the city were dressed with flags, and the populace sought recreation as they could find it. Thousands hied to Dartmouth by steamboat, and to Bedford by railway.

VENEZUELA.—This government has just received official information of the discovery of very rich gold mines in the canton of Upato. The samples of gold are of the richest kind. Hundreds are already engaged in the diggings. As high as 24 ounces of pure gold have been taken out in a day by one person, but the general average is from one to two ounces. Parties are leaving Caracas for the mountain of gold.

LARGE RATTLESNAKE.—Mr. Mahlon Miller brought to our office a rattlesnake which he had just killed in the Catocin Mountains, near the White Rock Spring, and which measured four feet, and had fourteen rattles and a button, showing its age to be seventeen years. These venomous reptiles are becoming scarce in this vicinity, and one of the size described is a curiosity.—*Frederick (Md.) Banner.*

SECRET SOCIETIES IN UTAH.—There is a secret society in Utah, called the "Danite Band." The oath taken by its members is as follows, to which they swear, holding up the right hand: "In the name of the Son of God, I do solemnly obligate myself ever to conceal, and never to reveal, the secret purposes of this society. Should I ever do the same, I hold my life as the forfeit."

In February last, Mr. David Howell, a poor shoemaker of Patterson, finding work scarce, money hard to get, and bread difficult to procure, at the suggestion of a neighbor, collected a quantity of muscles from a little stream known as the Notch brook, to make a dainty meal for himself and family. He first boiled the shellfish, but finding that a single cooking did not render them tender and palatable, he afterwards fried the same over in fat, which so far softened their obduracy as to render them eatable. In the course of the repast, Mr. Howell discovered in one of the muscles a stony substance of a spherical shape and of considerable size. Having some vague ideas upon the subject of jewels, he preserved the curious stone and submitted it to a jeweller for examination. He was informed that the stone was a genuine pearl, of dimensions which dealers in precious stones considered fabulous until the specimen was placed before their eyes, and which, had not its luster been utterly ruined by the several culinary operations to which it had been subjected, would have been worth at least \$25,000.

A Chicago mother took the advice of one of her neighbors and instituted a new discipline for her infant daughter six weeks of age. She had been troublesome in the evening, fretting and crying as children will do; when the mother was told that if she would put it in its crib in the chamber and pay no attention to it, it would cry itself to sleep. She acted on the new plan, and though driven out of the house by the child's cries, suffered it to remain uncared for until the noise ceased, when, on going up stairs stealthily, that she might not awaken it, she found her child—dead! The child died in a fit.

The Chinese tea shrub is being cultivated in Brazil with marked success, and the continuance of disturbance in China is likely to bring the fact more prominently into notice. The first plants were introduced in 1810, and, to insure its proper treatment, several hundred Chinese laborers were procured. Anticipations were not realized, and so far as the government was concerned, the attempt proved a failure; but several planters persevered, and at length the culture of tea has become a flourishing remunerative branch of Brazilian agriculture.

The first book ever printed in Middleboro', is in press at the office of the *Namasket Gazette*, which "does not hesitate to say it is superior to any poem in the English language." An early copy should be sent to the Philadelphia Critic who thinks that "Fanny Fern is equalled only in sublimity by Milton, Pollock and Thackeray."

The following appears in a New Jersey paper: "Rev. Mr. Joseph N. Brown of Upper Alloways Creek, wishes to inform the public that he will marry any person or persons wishing to get married, and will do it cheap."

A Dubuque letter, published in the *Rochester Union*, says: "City property sells for about treble what it would bring in the centre of the city of Rochester, and all other things are in about the same ratio."

The first railway built in the United States was the Quincy and Boston, in 1827. It was used to convey granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. This was followed in 1835 by the Boston and Providence, Boston and Worcester, and Boston and Lowell. In 1836 the Utica and Schenectady Railway was opened. In 1837 the Baltimore and Wilmington, and Providence and Stonington went into operation. The Worcester and Springfield was completed in 1839, and in 1840 the Housatonic was added to the number.

Cossack, the horse Captain Noland rode when he was killed at Balaklava, in the famous charge, is now the property of a company of gentlemen in Cincinnati. He is a gray Arab stallion, six years old, and fourteen hands high. His groom is Edward Sleeper, one of the eleven survivors of a regiment of nine hundred British, who landed in Gallipoli in February, 1854. He was at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and the siege of Sebastopol.

Country magistrates have often been laughed at for their blunders. But it seems city magistrates are not always well read in Blackstone. One of the Cincinnati Justices was engaged in trying a wife for locking her husband out of doors all night, he claiming that he had suffered seriously in health in consequence, and seeking to obtain damages from his other half therefor. The Justice took a whole day to consider the case before he dismissed it.

Some English papers announce that the Queen has decided on making Quebec the Seat of Government in Canada—setting aside the local and sectional interests which prevented Canadians from deciding the point before now for themselves, and looking forward to a general Confederation of all the British North American Provinces, of which that city, with its strong military position and impregnable defences, should be the capital.

The property of Andrew J. Comstock, who was once the owner of the land on which the city of Adrian, Mich., is built, and who was at one time estimated to be worth two millions, is offered at Sheriff's sale. It is stated that he had some years since used a poor man for trespass, and recovered sixpence damages, because he carted off some half-decayed wood strewn along the common belonging to him.

Gen. John B. Walbach, the oldest officer in the American army, died recently in Baltimore, aged 93. He was born at Alsall on the Rhine. He was a long time in the French service, and on his family removing hither, he entered into the law office of Alex. Hamilton, but afterwards obtained a commission in the army and served in the war of 1812.

The village of Corning, N. Y., was visited with a terrible freshet on June 18th. The destruction of property was immense. A large number of houses, belonging to the working classes, were washed away. The running of the trains on the Erie Railroad were temporarily obstructed.

There are more ways than one to make money in Chicago. The physician of the County Poor House has been selling the dead bodies of the paupers to the various medical colleges of the country. It appears that the practice has been kept up for years, and discovered only by mere accident a short time since.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, a young actress, met with a painful accident at Lexington, Ky., lately. A pistol in the hands of an attaché to the theatre prematurely exploded within a few feet of Miss Mitchell, scorching her face and neck to such a degree that she was unable to conclude the performance.

Ex-Governor Bebb, of Ohio, who recently fired upon a party of serenaders, at his residence in Winnebago County, Illinois, and killed one of them and wounded others, has been discharged after a full investigation of the matter.

The Iowa *Journal* says two men in that city, a few days since anxious for a trade, and, having nothing else to trade, concluded to swap wives. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the bargain concluded, each party going on their way rejoicing.

The Adams Express Company concluded a contract with the recently opened Ohio and Mississippi Railroad for express facilities over that road for several years, thus securing to their business in that direction a permanency that is certainly desirable.

To see Niagara aright, one should make a deliberate stay on both sides of the river. Merely crossing over the ferry-boat or driving round by the Suspension Bridge is not enough to give one that feeling of familiarity and intimacy which residence imparts.

A wood chopper, while chopping cord wood on an island in the Mississippi, opposite Calhoun County, Missouri, found a large pot of silver coin, which is supposed to have contained several thousand dollars, with which he hastened to leave the vicinity.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such good spirits."

Two physicians of Wytheville, Va., administered a mixture of chloroform and ether to a boy of five years, on whom they wished to perform a surgical operation, he died from its effects almost instantly.

Mary Golethwaite, a young lady of 21 years, committed suicide in Hartford, Conn. She was one of three orphan daughters, was a teacher, and dyspeptic from too close application to study.

It was a proverb among the Greeks, that the flatterer who lifts you up to the clouds, has the same motive as the eagle—when he raises the tortoise in the air—he wishes to gain something by your fall.

The Buffalo *Commercial* says that on the 3d of June, there were still great masses of ice below Niagara Falls, on the American side, so hard that rocks thrown upon it made no impression.

During a thunder shower at East Hartford and Wethersfield, Conn., ice fell a few inches of all shapes, from the size of a chestnut up. Several pieces were measured and found to be over two inches in length.

The Utica *Observer* is informed that frogs have become quite an article of exportation in that vicinity, and that about two hundred are sent weekly by one man to the proprietor of an Albany restaurant.

An alarming disease prevails among the cattle in the parishes of La Beance, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Upwards of one thousand five hundred animals, chiefly cows, have died.

A match at cricket was played at Newark, between the Second Eleven of the New York Club and the Newark Club, which resulted in favor of the latter.

A victim of the National Hotel sickness, after several relapses, tried the electro chemical baths, and the plates showed a heavy deposit of arsenic.

A man of Cincinnati, and the father of ten children, thinks he sustains a great loss by not having any more, as there is no one to take the clothes that the youngest has outgrown.

The following notice is posted conspicuously on a Yankee publication office: "Shut this door, and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth in the same way."

Fifty dollars from a pan full of dirt at Shasta, and \$400 from half a day's washing at Cedar Hill, were the happy results of digging in these vicinities recently.

The Hon. Augustus Young, State Naturalist, and formerly member of Congress from Vermont, died at St. Albans in that State, June 17th, at the age of 62 years.

The plague, it is stated on medical authority, has never appeared in the New World; and the yellow fever was unknown to civilized countries till the discovery of America.

Dan Rice, the pugilistic clown, had a milling match with a machinist, at his exhibition in Syracuse. As the machinist was a hammerer by trade, Dan came out second best.

The Providence *Journal* thinks if it is correct that live cattle can be bought in Venezuela for \$4 to \$5 a head, "they cannot be long in finding their way to this country."

Of forty steamers plying between Europe and the United States, only eight or ten, it is said, are American. The sail vessels, even for freight, are getting much out of use.

Ithaca, N. Y., was lately visited by the most destructive flood that ever came upon it from the many streams that pour their waters into the basin of the Cayuga Lake.

A woman in Puleski County, Va., has regularly presented her husband with an heir, during the month of March, for sixteen successive years.

Cape Island (Cape May) was visited by a destructive fire. Several hotels and other valuable buildings were burned.

A punster with his foot in a mill wheel, when asked how he came there, answered: "That he was trying how it felt to travel incog!"

A young man but a few weeks in the country was carried over Hadley Falls in a boat lately, and his body has not been found.

A cow in New Sharon, Me., has produced five calves within the last 13 months; total weight of the five 312 pounds.

A vein of copper and silver has been struck in Garret mountain, near Patterson, N. J., which promises to be of great value.

A Mrs. M. A. W. Johnson is lecturing to the ladies of Orange, N. J., on Physiology and the Laws of Health.

R. W. Taylor, a son of the late ex-President, has purchased "Bonnie Lassie," a celebrated racer, for \$5,000.

Jon Saxton, editor of the *Repository*, Canton, Ohio, commenced the publication and has edited that paper since 1815.

Gideon J. Tucker, Esq., is writing the history of the Democratic party in the State of New York.

Dr. Kane's heirs have been paid \$97,000 for the sale of the "Arctic Expedition."

The export of tea from China for the season is 57,000,000 pounds against 75,000,000 last year.

To cure deafness, tell a man you've come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow.

The corner stone of the Clay Monument at Lexington, Ky., is to be laid on the 4th of July.

The new cent weighs precisely the hundredth part of a pound.

The Barbers of Albany have put up the price of shaving to a dime.

A world's temperance convention is to be held in Chicago the present summer.

The Mobile *Register* acknowledges the receipt of plums ripened in May.

The state debt of California is upwards of four millions of dollars.

The man who thinks laboriously will express himself cogently.

NEW YORK TABLET.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B., Fort Robinson, C. W.—Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" should be read "with a grain of salt." It is a panegyric on the great man's genius from beginning to end. The philosophy is the philosophy of Carlyle and Emerson—the delirium of intellect; and its moral is their moral, that every man has a "mission" to perform. Now, intellect is nothing noble, except in so far as it is nobly used, and a "mission" such as Carlyle and Emerson live in, so far as it can be conceded at all, can be conceded to a robber. Out side of the Catholic Church there are no "missions," and inside of it we look for the seal of apostleship. A contrary opinion is dangerous, for it implies predestination—even to evil, and should be avoided.

We feel great pleasure in promising for our next number the admirably moralized poem of "The Single Heart," from a new contributor, whose signature we have little doubt will be soon a synonym for sweetness of versification to our readers.

WANTED.—The Nos. of the *American Celt* for Dec. 25, '56, and January 6 and 13, '57, for which a reasonable sum will be paid.

DUNLUCE.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Once thy ruin, Dunluce, stood like a giant on the shore,
Looking o'er the foaming flood, heark'ning to its angry roar,
When the storm spirit lashed on the seas against thy towers,
And the maddened billows dashed up the foam into thy face.

One December, there was trace to the elemental war;
From thy battlement, Dunluce, saw the warder from afar,
Stately Dames and Nobles ride to thy hospitable hall,
Where O'Donnell's flag, in pride, waved above the towers tall.

Soon the gates were opened wide, and the courtly cavaliers
Filled the great hall like a tide, where, in queenly garb arrayed,
Lady Margaret sat in state, by her kinsmen girl around,
While the harpers all elate made the walls with music sound.

And they chanted many a deed by O'Donnells done of old;
While the ruby wine and mead flowed from ample cups of gold,
As a Bard with flowing hair, hoary beard, and stalwart limb,
To a wild and martial air raised Ultonia's battle hymn.

Thronged the Kernes in their hall, arched above a chasm wide;
Far below, with rising brawls, rolled the inward driven tide;
Close around an ample board, little weighed with care or grief,
Sate the men of Skean and Sword, bold retainers of their chief.

Loud the roof with revel rung—loud without arose the gale—
Loud a rude Retainer sung, o'er a horn of foaming ale—
All the roaring chorus joined, crack'd a joke, or told a tale,
Or beseged the kine purloined from the pastures of the Pale.

On the spacious kitchen hearth blazed a pyramid of turf,
Lighting up the scene of mirth; while by fits, the roaring blast—
Madly dashed against the rock, whose vibrations shook the hall,
Like to butting-rams that knock 'gainst a leaguer'd city's wall.

Heeding not the gale without, louder grew the mirth within;
What with song and dance, and shout, boozey brawl and laughter's din—
When—as if a demon form with all Hades at his back,
Riding came upon the storm, leading on a fierce attack—

A bolt of lurid lightning, followed by a thunder peal,
Earth and sea, and heaven bright'ning, made the rock's foundation reel;
Rent the arch beneath the kitchen with a huge Titanic blow,
All the boozey revlers pitchin' in the boiling surge below.

Pale with terror, from the hall, fled the Dames and Nobles fast;
As the sore leaves when they fall, on before the wintry blast—
Their tiny castle, Dunluce, stood all dismantled on the shore,
Looking out upon the flood, wrecked, deserted—ever more.

R. POWER.

Corpus Christi, Texas.

Weller, the well known partizan of Herbert, the Keating murderer, stands prominent among the candidates for the gubernatorial chair of California. Our readers will remember that he played the part of a fanatic on the occasion of the visit of Monsignor Bedini to Washington.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, '57.

STEAL—OR I'LL DO IT.

THE returned spoilers of Nicaragua, now in New York, have an unenviable knack of adverting pleas in justification of their brigandage. The latest is, that if they do not conquer Nicaragua England will, and that it is better for them to outrage all law and justice, than to allow others to do so. If they intend to carry out this doctrine to its full extent, we need, in view of their numbers, an increased police force while they honor our city with their presence. The vast amount of burglaries heretofore committed with impunity, shows that we cannot risk a warmer competition between cutpurses, and the record of crimes perpetrated on the unoffending Nicaraguans, is a quite sufficient warning that we have nothing to expect from the importations of the *St. Mary's* and the *Wabash*, on the score of a common humanity.

Seriously, the plea of the Fillibusters is a very silly, as well as immoral, one. Whether Walker regain his foothold in Central America or not, if England is bent upon acquiring control there, the United States is the sole power which can successfully interfere with her determination. Any government he could erect would exist upon sufferance, and detract from the force of the arguments our diplomatists might urge against foreign interference in Central American affairs. He might, indeed, make a fortune by playing the part of a go-between—but if Nicaragua is to become a portion of the United States Territory—if the assertion of the Monroe doctrine implies a consequent infringement on the rights of Cis-Atlantic societies, there is no sound reason why the present Administration should resort to the miserable subterfuge of pirating by proxy.

The fair and only honorable manner of securing the Transit route is by purchase. The right of way is as marketable a commodity as stocks in Wall street, and we have only to outbid England to possess it. Nicaragua will soon enjoy a government capable of transferring it wholly or conditionally (thanks to Costa Rica), and with a full Treasury we can well afford to be honest.

THE TREATMENT AND SCARCITY OF SAILORS.—The late trials at Liverpool of the Captains and mates of the ships *Guy Mannering* and *Ocean Monarch*, have drawn the attention of the press to the morale of our merchant service, and the *Tribune* suggests as the result of its reflection on the subject, that the scarcity of good sailors is the prime cause of the constant quarrels between masters of vessels and their hands.

The *Tribune* is right. All the instances of "cruel treatment" which find their way to the public, relate to ships in the Liverpool trade, notorious for employing the worst sailors in the world. The high prices of land labor, and the different openings for enterprise, are drawing off old sailors and preventing the matriculation of new ones, so that it is the dearth of seamen, not the savagery of officers, which is to be deplored and remedied. Under this impression we suggested, months ago, the propriety of a License Law for sailors and the practicability of apprenticing orphan boys supported by the State to make up for this growing scarcity. Forty fast sailing cutters which attend upon the trolling-smacks off the coast of Yorkshire and Holland are manned by 2,000 men, taken when boys from English workhouses, and trained through all the gradations of the business; and if those who ship as sailors in the Liverpool trade were as competent as these products of State charity and water-grovel, there is no reason to believe that they would be subjected to the treatment of the crews of the *Guy Mannering* and the *Ocean Monarch*.

The crush of interesting news upon our editorial pages this week, compels us to hold over several articles on current topics.

PAWN BROKING AND ITS VICTIMS.—We publish in another page a synopsis of a paper on "Pawnbroking in New York," which appeared lately in the *Herald*, and we fully concur with the writer in asking for improved legislation on the subject. When it is considered that nineteen offices alone do a business amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 yearly, and that the present law in the matter allowing lenders to claim 25 per cent. per annum on articles below \$25 in value and binding them to dispose of forfeited articles once a year at public sales, is totally disregarded, it will be seen that an immense number of poor people are wholly at the mercy of a class in no way celebrated for its sympathy with misfortune. It is not possible, or if it were possible, it would not be politic, to do away with pawnbroking, for the poor man has an equal right to obtain a loan on his personal effects as the rich on his real estate; but it behooves our lawmakers to lose no time in applying a remedy to its evils, so far as they can.

A suggestive fact in connection with this subject is that in Paris last year, the number of workmen and laborers who were obliged to resort to *monts de piété* was at the rate of 730, in every 1,000 borrowers. Now, Paris is no immigrant depot, living is cheap there, and every one has a trade who is able to work. New York, on the other hand, is the greatest depot of immigration in the world. If it is the centre of an immense traffic, it is also the centre of a killing competition; if it has segregated a large amount of foreign wealth, it has also taken more than its share of the sleeping capital which lies in masses out of employment; and it has fallen heir to the vast majority of strays on the current of emigrant life who have no regular calling. Under these circumstances we may form some estimate of the character of those who borrow two millions of dollars yearly to keep body and soul together. Two-thirds, at the very lowest calculation, must be Irish, and of these, two-thirds must be laborers.

The present Legislature possesses a mania for legislating people into happiness. Here is a field which would yield more abundantly, even in a mercenary sense, than the dangerous rabbit-warren of municipal politics.

OUR CHILDREN.—Dr. Anthon's address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Nursery and Childs' Hospital, to be located on the south side of Fifty-first street, has given us a painful idea of the number of Irish children lost to the Church in this city, in spite of all the efforts made by our hierarchy to save them. Of 327 received some time since, 249 were born of Irish parents; 42 were English; 14 German; 7 Scotch, and but 36 American. In the three years since the nursery has been started, eight hundred and forty children have been received, and the average nationalities, of course, were nearly the same.

Now this is but one of the many charitable traps set to snare our little ones. Pise of the "Mission" consigns three hundred Irish children at a time, to the Protestant homes of the West; the State Institutions on Blackwell's Island, also give a fair contingent to the juvenile army of unconscious apostates; and we have little doubt that of all the channels through which our heirs in the faith are spirited away were noted, 10,000 yearly would be found to be somewhere near the number of souls passed over to sectarians. We have little charity in common with the early Christians if we allow this drain upon our numbers to go on without abatement. A recent writer shows that they far surpassed the Pagans in their care of the *alumni*, or foundlings, while we—why look at the record.

The Chicago weekly *Times* states that B. A. Froieth, Esq., is about establishing an agency in that city in which emigrants will receive unbiased information in regard to the most available routes to the West and the best places for settling in it. If Mr. Froieth is above suspicion he can do much good, and we request some of our Chicago readers to send us their opinion of his capacity and integrity.

DID LORD RAGLAN COMMIT SUICIDE?—We are not surprised at the attention given by our exchanges to the letter of a French Correspondent on this subject. Coming as it did immediately after the news of the Stalker and Eldridge suicides, and suggested in part by them, it was well-calculated to throw a doubt over the closing scene in the life of a General who certainly underwent more hostile criticism, both from his Government and the public, than the Commanders of the Persian Expedition. For our own part we never believed that Lord Raglan died of cholera, for the reason that there was not, at the time, a single cholera case in the Crimean Army. His sickness besides, if he had any, was too prolonged to be caused by apoplexy, or heart diseases, while it was of too short duration to be brought about by other maladies. But if we did not believe his death was natural, we knew nothing which went to show it was otherwise; and the letter of our correspondent detailing the interview between Pelissier and the English General, on the 18th of June, furnished us for the first time a basis of fact, which seemed to sustain our most unfavorable conjectures. An article written by a professed friend of Lord Raglan in the London *Quarterly Review* for January last, (which fell into our hands before our correspondent's letter went to press), and complaining that the treatment Lord R. received "banished sleep from his pillow, undermined his constitution, and brought him to his grave," but not saying a word about disease, confirmed our surmises, and we felt justified in publishing as we did our correspondent's statements without asking for the name of his informant, "an officer of General Pelissier's staff." It is never, however, too late to be certain of the truth, and we now ask "A French Subscriber" to put the account of the reported interview between Raglan and Pelissier beyond question by sending us the name of the officer who related it—if not for publication, for our own satisfaction.

FAMILY READING.—A parent, properly aware of the responsibility attached to his state by God and society, will pay great attention to the character of the reading matter which he admits into his family. Such a man will feel, with St. Augustine, that "the wine of error is constantly served in the alluring vases of precious and innocent words," and that a wakeful circumspection is needed on his part to prevent its reception.

Item. In three Catholic houses where we have been during the week, we have found a Sunday paper with an immoral story in it, a well-known weekly with several *double entendres* spicing its pages, and an Irish journal, containing eighteen false principles in three columns, and a glorification of—what do you think?—"assassination."

BANKS AGAIN.—N. P. Banks, whose first steps to popularity were directed by Irishmen, and whose ungrateful conduct within the past few years to his old friends is notorious, is up for the office of Governor in Massachusetts. As a man convicted of telling a bluish falsehood on the Jesuits in the U. S. House of Representatives, and as the candidate of a party as unprincipled as himself—the Know Nothings—we hope, even in the face of Massachusetts's fanaticism, that he will be defeated. We are glad to see that Republican journals in this and other States disclaim in the name of Republicanism his fusion with the proscriptionists whose history is indelibly marked with the foibles of the Hiss Committee, and Mrs. Patterson.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—On Wednesday, 24th ult., the solemn and imposing ceremony of profession took place in the Church of St. Mary, Rochester. Miss Marion Madden, called in religion, Sister Mary Francis Regis, made her solemn vows in the Order of Mercy, and received the black veil from the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, who delivered a beautiful and appropriate address to the novice. A large number of the clergy of the diocese and friends of the Institute, were present on the occasion.

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Thursday, the 18th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, to sixteen pupils of the Institution.

On Sunday, the 21st, he administered the same Sacrament at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, to twenty-two of the pupils; and gave the white veil to Miss Amelia Fowler, of this city.

The following changes and appointments have lately been made in this diocese, by the Most Rev. Archbishop—The Rev. Thomas Martin, O. S. D., late of the Church of the Holy Cross, has been appointed Pastor of St. James's Church;—the Rev. P. McCarthy, Pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross;—the Rev. B. I. O'Callaghan, late Assistant-Pastor of Transfiguration Church, Pastor of the Congregation at Goshen, to succeed the late Rev. M. O'Donovan;—the Rev. P. Mahony, late Assistant-Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Pastor of the Congregation at Havestraw;—the Rev. P. McCarron, late of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, one of the Assistant-Pastors of St. Mary's Church;—the Rev. P. Egan, late of Verplanck's Point, Assistant-Pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross;—the Rev. T. Scollon, late of Havestraw, one of the Assistant-Pastors of St. James's Church;—the Rev. C. Slevin, lately ordained, Assistant-Pastor of St. Bridget's Church;—the Rev. T. Treanor, lately ordained, Assistant-Pastor of Transfiguration Church;—the Rev. M. Murphy, lately ordained, Assistant-Pastor of Saint Anne's Church;—the Rev. W. S. Neligan, lately ordained, to take the place of the Rev. P. McCarron, at St. Joseph's Seminary;—the Rev. M. Clarke, late of St. James's, to assist Rev. E. McGean, at Sing Sing, Verplanck's Point, and adjoining missions. The Rev. Messrs. Brennan and Byrne, lately ordained, remain in the Seminary.

NEW CHURCH IN SARATOGA CO., N. Y.—The new Church erected in Ballston by Father Cull, the zealous pastor of Saratoga Springs, will be dedicated by Bishop McCloskey, assisted by several priests, on Sunday, the 6th proximo. Ballston is about seven miles from the favorite summer resort, and as Bishop McCloskey is announced to preach, a large number of strangers may be expected to witness the ceremonies.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.—The new Church at Elmira, N. Y., noticed at length by a correspondent on the next page, will be dedicated on the 19th prox. It was commenced by our deceased friend, Father Boyle, and has been finished by his worthy successor, Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty.

PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—The first Council of the Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Halifax has been convoked by the Archbishop for Tuesday, the 8th of September next. The Council will be held at St. Mary's, in that city. Circulars have been issued by His Grace to all his Clergy, enjoining a special Collect at Mass each day until the meeting of the Council. The faithful are also exhorted to offer up their Communion and other works of devotion and charity in union with the suffrages of the Church.

DR. NELIGAN.

We present our readers this week with a brief memoir of the Rev. Mr. Neligan, lately ordained Priest by his Grace Archbishop Hughes, and for which we are indebted to our excellent contemporary, the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror*. We regret that the demand on our space debarred us from publishing it in our last issue.

The subject of our memoir is brother of the eminent physician, Dr. Neligan of Dublin, whose name ranks deservedly high in the medical schools of Europe and America. The Rev. Mr. Neligan was designed for the Established Church, and with that view entered Trinity College at an early age, having completed his studies preparatory to this step at a Classical School in Clonmel, County of Tipperary. His college career was one of distinction, as we

find him in the years 1836-'37, winning a literary reputation, with the acknowledgment of having made the most brilliant examination on the records of that college. In this latter year he was ordained and promoted to the Chair of Philosophy, then for the first time established in old Trinity. In the same year, we find him accepting parochial duties under his uncle, in the city of Cork. After his ordination he took a prominent part in the Protestant movements of the time, and owing to his superior theological education, as well as distinction in the walks of polite literature, acquired such a weight and influence among his brother clergymen of the Church with which he was then associated, as to draw upon him the marked attention of the prominent men of the day. The Earls of Clarendon and Derby were both known to have consulted him on many important subjects, particularly those of education and of schools, then vexed questions; to both of which subjects Dr. Neligan had previously devoted his time and talents with considerable ability. In the words of the writer in the *Mirror*, "He advocated such a system as a Catholic people had a right to demand, and an impartial Protestant government might consistently grant." On the above subjects several pamphlets appeared from his pen, which met with much success, and were widely circulated throughout the three kingdoms. In 1842 he left Ireland and went to England on the invitation of the Bishop of Norwich. While there, the Puseyite movement, then at its height, attracted his attention. Naturally of a liberal and inquiring disposition he thought he discerned in this new form of Anglicanism something far above Protestantism; the consequence was, he embraced this new belief, and became a member of a community of clergymen in Leicester. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly the entire of his associates in this latter place have, like himself, since joined the Catholic Church. Embracing Puseyism was but the stepping-stone to Catholicity. In his new sphere Catholic dogmas and devotion forced themselves on his attention. To a mind such as his, elevated above vulgar prejudice, and entertaining no sympathy with the idle and diabolical rant of the day, like the wanderer he returned to his native country, and in the Metropolitan Church of the diocese of Cashel, the home of his ancestors for two hundred years, he publicly abjured Protestantism, and was received into the Church by the late-lamented Archbishop Slattery.

Shortly after he went to Rome, where he remained four years. While there he received offers from several dignitaries, inviting him to their Sees; Cardinal Wiseman among the number. Anxious for a new field he came to New York at the invitation of Archbishop Hughes, and entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, where he remained for a year and a half previous to his ordination for the priesthood.

ABUSES IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—The study of history being an important branch of a refined education, it would be well if the Trustees and Officers of the Board of Education in the city of New York, would exclude from the schools, with which they are connected, all histories, in which sectarian doctrines are inculcated.

In the public schools of this vast city, an immense number of the children who attend them, belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Some of the books intended for their studies are heretical, and this is not the fault of the Board of Education, which, on the contrary, has imperatively commanded in one of its by-laws, "that no book shall be allowed in the schools, favoring any particular sect, or attacking the tenets of any religious persuasion."

There is taught in some of the Ward Schools, "Outlines of the Universal History," by Henry White, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, edited by Rev. F. Knighton, A. M. In this book are contained such lies as, "the sale of indulgences" in the time of Luther, by the Roman Pontiff; the "Catholic plot by Guy Fawkes;" also, slanderous and malicious accusations levelled against the morality of the priesthood. I have examined the work, and can safely pronounce it unfit for Catholic youth, especially the part devoted to modern history. I presume if the attention of the Trustees were called to this matter in the public press of this city, it would help to destroy this unwarrantable and unlicensed use of prejudiced and bigoted standard works, which find their way into the public schools of this city and elsewhere. When the

schools of a free Republic are open to all, nothing should be taught out of text-books, which offend the religious convictions of any pupil. Not being able to say that many of the public schools use the book I have referred to, or others as sectarian, I abstain from making the charge general in its application.

I presume the Bible is read in a good many schools without note or comment; and it so happens that these Bibles are those issued by the American Tract Society. There is no authorized version of the Scriptures ordered to be read, but in the selection of standard histories, they take up what is not Catholic.

Having slightly touched this theme, I will leave the heavier part in the hands of the gentlemen of the press.

Yours, &c., PROBITAS.

[We beg to call the attention of the Trustees of the Board of Education to the remarks of our Correspondent. The abuse he discloses should not be tolerated. It strikes at the root of an American citizen's dearest right,—freedom of conscience and the freedom of his children, from State proselytism of any kind, open or secret.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.]

DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 26, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—In 1850, when our late Bishop O'Reilly came to this city, there were only two churches in it, and they were thought large enough for the congregation. Since then two more have been erected, and on Sunday, June 21st, another was added to the number. This Church is not within the city's limits; it is about one-fourth of a mile beyond, and was purchased by the Rev. Administrator from parties who had a mortgage on it. The Very Rev. Wm. O'Reilly, V. G., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Brown of Newport, Hughes of Hartford, and Gaynor of the Cathedral, Providence. After the blessing of the Church, the Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Rev. Michael Creedon delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon, which will not be soon forgotten. The Rev. Gentleman is, as you are aware, from Auburn, N. Y.

The political matters of our city have been slightly agitated for the past few weeks on account of the inability of the contending parties to elect a Mayor, there being three candidates in the field, one of whom resigned once and the following evening accepted again, the nomination. At the fifth trial Wm. M. Rodman was elected by over nine hundred majority, the Democrats having deserted their candidate, John N. Francis, and voted by hundreds for Wm. M. Rodman, the candidate of the American Republicans, Republican Americans, &c.

The Masonic Centennial celebration of St. John's Lodge, No. 2, took place on the 24th inst. You will find a report of the celebration in the paper which I send you. Take it as a whole, it was a poor affair, although our city papers made such a noise about it.

F. M. H.

MY DARK IRISH GIRL.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

I love all that's lovely as other men do,
But more than the lovely I love what is true,
And brighter than diamonds and purer than pearl
The truth that enhaloes my dark Irish Girl.

And yet is no goddess this dear girl of mine,
Nor angel, nor aught you would fancy divine,
For woman you see by her lip's saucy curl,
And mischievous glance, is my dark Irish Girl.

And scarce is she pretty, yet plain though she be
In other men's eyes, she is lovely to me,
For knowing her goodness the man were a churl,
Would beauty deny to my dark Irish Girl.

Nor yet is she learned; but sings like a bird,
And her laugh is the sweetest that ever was heard,
And my dreams take the measure and tone of
The carol

Be it glad, sad, or brave, of my Dark Irish Girl.

But O, beyond all that a woman can grace,
A form without fault and the loveliest face,
With eyes of twin sapphires and teeth like the pearl,
I prize the warm heart of my Dark Irish Girl.

DEPLORABLE CALAMITY.—We are again called on to chronicle a most deplorable disaster caused by the burning of the steamer *Montreal* in the river St. Lawrence, on Saturday last. By this calamity several hundred persons, mostly Scotch emigrants, were hurried into eternity.

AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Chicago, Ill. P. J. Sherlock.
Joliet, " J. O'Connor.
Trenton, N. J. W. P. Cantwell.
St. Louis, Mo. P. J. Fallon.
Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Margaret McKenna.
Philadelphia, Pa. P. F. Cunningham.
Providence, R. I. John Whitney.
Quincy, Mass. George Cahill.
Salem, " Timothy J. Donovan.
Detroit Mr. Charles Fitzsimons.
Pittsfield, Mass. Anthony Walsh.
Savannah, Ga. Maurice O'Connell.
Scranton, Pa. M. J. Joyce.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance.

We intend making the *TABLET* a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

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NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The *TABLET* can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

LOWELL, MASS.—We have appointed Mr. Patrick Sheahan our Agent in Lowell, where our friends can always find the *TABLET*, and a good assortment of Catholic books.

Travelling Agent.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect all debts due the *Celt*, and to receive subscriptions for the New York *TABLET*.

TROY, N. Y.—Mr. Francis Roarke, 131 Fifth street, is our Agent for Troy.

Mr. Roarke is an active and enterprising young man, and we trust the Catholics of Troy will encourage him. He has an excellent stock of Catholic Books on hand, and he can supply any work published in the United States to order. Any work advertised in our columns may be had of him, at the price marked.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—We have appointed Mr. John O'Donnell as our Agent in Poughkeepsie. He keeps a good assortment of Catholic books, and the *TABLET* for sale.

Mr. John Bartlett has consented to act as our Agent in West Troy, N. Y.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.—We have appointed Mr. James Maguire as our Agent in Dubuque. Our friends can always find the *TABLET* at his store; he comes highly recommended to us from gentlemen in Dubuque, and we wish him success.

FREESPORT, ILL.—Mr. John O'Connell will act as our Agent in Freesport and vicinity.

Literature.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, OR SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BURIAL PLACES OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS IN ROME. By Rev. J. SPENCER NORTH-COTE, M. A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham, 216 South Third street. 1857.

Cardinal Wiseman's admirable work *Fabiola* has awakened a desire among Catholic readers in general, to know more about Sacred Archaeology. Instead of following Layard to Nineveh, or groping through the streets of Pompeii as heretofore, meeting the evidences of Paganism and debauch, they ask to be led in spirit to the subterranean cells where their faith fifteen hundred years ago had her triumphs in the living, or graven her legacy of tradition for the future, on the tombstones of the dead. A book like "The Roman Catacombs" is just suited to this disposition of the Catholic mind for while it contains everything of interest in relation to them, its cheapness brings it within the range of all classes.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the "Origin and History of the Catacombs," in which Mr. Northcote completely overturns Bishop Burnet's assertion, that "those burying-places which are now graced with the pompous title of Catacombs, are no other than the Puticoli mentioned by Festus Pompeius, where the meanest sort of the Roman slaves were laid;" but almost every page of the 200 which comprise the book has something in it deserving of recollection. Thus, we find an evidence that the early Christians believed in the intercession of saints, in the words of Prudentius describing the cemetery of St. Hippolytus:

"Numerous are the debts I owe to Hippolytus, for Christ our God has given him power to grant whatsoever any man may ask of him. Hence, from sunrise even to sunset the people may be seen flocking hither to pay their devotions to the saint; and not the Romans only, rich and poor, men, women, and children, but long trains of people from Albano and all neighboring cities; and even from Nola, Capua, and other more distant places."

At page 89 we find that there is a painting in the Catacomb of St. Hermes, representing literally the administration of the Sacrament of Penance, and at page 187 we meet the following interesting distinction between Pagan and Christian inscriptions:

"Another distinction between the two classes of inscriptions, less obvious perhaps, but still more worthy of notice, is to be found in what I may venture to call the total absence from Christian epitaphs of all those titles of rank and dignity with which Pagan monuments are so commonly overloaded. Excepting the titles, which denote the various degrees of the Christian hierarchy, and of which I shall have occasion to speak presently, scarcely any can be seen: only a very few belonging to military rank, and those, for the most part, of a date subsequent to the conversion of the empire. Some perhaps may be disposed to account for this remarkable fact by an appeal to those words of the Apostle, 'Not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, hath God chosen;' or, in other words, the Christian epitaphs of the first four centuries contain no pompous enumeration of worldly ranks and dignities, because no such rank and dignity had really belonged to those whose deaths are commemorated. But this would be to speak too hastily and too universally; the Apostle does not tell us that not one of the mighty or the noble was to be found in the early church, and ecclesiastical history furnishes us with direct proofs of the contrary, more especially in the city of Rome; yet the inscriptions in the catacombs tell us of none. Moreover, there is another class of titles, the most frequent of all in heathen burial-places, yet equally rare in a Christian cemetery, whose absence cannot be thus accounted for: I allude to *servus*, *libertus*, and other words of the same class, which have reference to that great social division of the ancient world into freemen and slaves. One cannot study a dozen monuments of Pagan Rome without reading something of *servus* or *libertus*, '*libertus*, *libertabusque posterisque eorum*;' and I believe the proportion in which they are found is about three out of every four. Yet, in a number of Christian inscriptions in Rome exceeding eleven thousand, and all belonging to the first six centuries of our era, scarcely six have been found containing any allusion whatever—and even two or three of these are doubtful—to this fundamental division of ancient Rome society.

"No one, we think, will be rash enough to maintain, either that this omission is the result of mere accident, or that no individual slave or freeman was ever buried in the catacombs. Rather, these two cognate facts, the absence from ancient Christian epitaphs of all titles of rank and honor on the one hand, or of disgrace and servitude on the other, can only be adequately explained by an appeal to the religion of those who made them. The children of the primitive church did not record upon their monuments titles of earthly dignity, because they knew that with the God whom they served 'there was no respect of persons': neither did they care to mention the fact of their bondage,

or of their deliverance from bondage, to some earthly master, because they thought only of that higher and more perfect liberty wherewith Christ had set them free; remembering that 'he that was called, being a bondman, was yet the freeman of the Lord, and likewise he that was called being free was still the bondman of Christ.'"

At page 196 Mr. Northcote asks and answers the following question:

"How little did Calvin dream, when he asked with such scornful confidence, 'Where, in the monuments of Christian antiquity, do we ever read or hear of your exorcists?' that he might even then himself have visited their graves and read their epitaphs in the most ancient cemeteries of the Roman Church; as, for instance, in the cemetery of San Callisto, where, in the floor of the chapels, the inscription still remains, 'PAULUS EXORCISTA DEPOSITUS MARTYRIS,'—Paul, the exorcist, buried at (or near) the martyrs."

Again at page 203 Mr. N. enquires:

"Will it be allowed that the following are fair specimens of prayers for the dead?—"

"Remember, O Lord, Thy servants who have gone before us, and who sleep in the sleep of peace:

"Give them a place of refreshment, blessedness of rest, and clearness of light;

"Vouchsafe to unite them to the company of Thy saints."

"Here we have four or five different forms of speech. Are they prayers for the dead, or are they not? If it be said that they are not, then we answer that we have no others; these are themselves the very prayers which we use in our daily Mass, or on the anniversaries of the deceased. If it be allowed that they are prayers, then we answer that there is not one of them to which we cannot furnish an exact parallel from the inscriptions of the Roman Catacombs."

"Remember, O Lord, thy servants who have gone before us, and who sleep in the sleep of peace." Thus we pray each day for our departed friends in the canon of the Mass, and thus prayed the early Christians also."

We have extracted at this length from this very interesting volume for two reasons: because arguments drawn from the customs of the early ages of the Church have great effect on Protestants, and because we wish, especially, to draw the attention of those whose time will not allow them to ransack the Fathers, to an arsenal of facts every way fitted for the requirements of controversy.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH; or, Considerations on Eternal Maxims. By ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. Translated from the Italian by a Catholic Clergyman; (a new edition.) Boston: P. Donahoe, 1857.

This edition of the "Preparation for Death" is printed on good paper, and plainly but substantially bound. It bears the approbation of the Bishop of Boston, who recommends its use to "the faithful at large as most profitable for their spiritual advantage."

EASTER EGGS AND OTHER TALES. By CANNON SCHMID.
HENRY OF EICHENFELS AND THE FIRE. By CANNON SCHMID.
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE RHINE. By CANNON SCHMID.
POOR FANNY. By MARY MONICA, author of "Cottage Conversations."

These little volumes from the press of McGrath, of Philadelphia, are the first four of a series designed for circulation in Parochial and Sunday School Libraries. "Poor Fanny" is agreeably written, while "Henry of Eichenfels" and "The Nightingale," are in character with the previous stories of Schmid.

THE HINDU DRAMA.

Horace Walpole said "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Had he lived a hundred years later, he might have added, "and to those who both think and feel, who temper their passion with reason, and enliven their reason with sentiment, it is a Hindu play." This mingling of the mask and the citharus, exciting passions only for the pleasure of allaying them, is essentially the characteristic of the Indian drama.

Translations from the Sanskrit are yearly produced in Germany, France, England, and even Italy; but when we remember that specimens by good hands of some of the best literary pieces of India (e.g. the "Sakountala" of Sir W. Jones, and the "Bhagavad-Gita" of Sir C. Wilkins), have been circulated through Europe for the last seventy years, we confess our astonishment that the demand should not be greater than it is. Of few who have heard of a drama in India, how few have ever felt interest sufficient in it to take up a translation of "Sakountala," and examine its merits!

There are some who deny to the land of the Brahman even the originality of its literature, and would eradicate all that is native in feeling or habit from the soil. Among other things, they assert that the Hindu theatre is of Greek origin. We have it on the extremely satisfactory authority of Plutarch, that Alexander took with him beyond the Himalayas a company of tragedians versed in the plays of Sophocles, Eu-

ripides, and Æschylus. Other authority, equally reliable, assures us that Greek slaves or captives were wont to take their victors prisoner by their clever histrionic strutting. Lastly, we have the puzzling introduction in several of the principal pieces of a *Yavan*, or Bactrian woman, whom the anti-Indianists have insisted on claiming as a genuine Ionian all the way from Asia Minor.

These pieces of evidence are nothing more than possibilities, if taken separately. It is only when taken collectively, that they give the opponents of the doctrine of a spontaneous civilization in India a claim to refer its best works to Greek suggestion. If, then, we annul one of the components, we weaken the whole argument. We certainly do not believe that Alexander planted the Greek drama in India. In the first place, all who know from the literature that remains to us, what the character of the Hindu people must have been in the fourth century B. C., will not dispute that the Greek tragedy could never have found a home in the far East. Nor have we any internal evidence of its having done so. There is not nearly so much resemblance between a Hindu and a Greek play, as there is between "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Antigone." The drama of India is especially romantic, the tragedy of Greece precisely the reverse. The romantic drama did not even commence in Greece till after Alexander's death; and even when it attained its newest character many years later, it differed immensely from the romantic drama of the Indian Peninsula. On the one hand, we have divisions into acts, and the remains of a decided religious character; on the other, a chorus, and the domestic satires and didactic platitudes of Menander.

But if the Hindu drama does not owe its origin to the slaves and camp-followers of the Macedonian, it can be attributed to no other than a native source. With the exception of the strange drama of China, Asia owns no other than this; and if its origin be really Greek, it is truly wonderful that India alone of all the countries through which the son of Philip passed, and to which Greek civilization took far deeper root than in Hindustan, should have retained any traces of it.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature in the Hindu drama, and the best proof of its spontaneous origin, is its originality. It differs from everything that the Western world of literature has produced. It is essentially Indian, as much so as the game of chess, or the doctrine of metempsychosis, while, like these two, it is among the few Indian things that do not suffer in exportation.

But whatever was the origin of the drama in India, we find it at the court of Vikramaditya the Great, fifty-six years before Christ, brought to its highest perfection by Kalidasa the Great. We say "the Great," because, with that tedious desire peculiar to India of perpetuating a distinguished name, the native writers tell us of many Vikramas and many Kalidasas. But we believe that most Orientalists are now agreed in placing the great poet at the court of the first Emperor of Ujjaini (Oujein), the founder of the Samvat era; and in considering the other Kalidasas as inferior constellations who assumed his name, or the pure inventions of native writers who desired to exalt the honor of any particular monarch, by asserting that the famous dramatist adorned his court.

Here, then, we find the drama as the luxury of a monarch or a great noble. The dramatist is a Brahman who has made the stage his particular study, and who, if he did not actually instruct the actors himself, took good care, by the numberless minute stage directions which he inserted, and which are still preserved in his pieces, that his meaning should never be misrepresented. Thus we have directions for sighing, bowing, looking round, walking about, expressing joy or grief, and even raising the hand.

The "Shakuntala" is not only the best known piece in the Hindu drama, but it is the one to which the chief attention of Oriental scholars in every country has been turned. The "Vikramorvasi" has received the next share of interest, and the "Mrichchhakatika" the least. It is about seventy years since the discovery was made that the Hindus had any drama at all. This was due to the diligence and perseverance of Sir W. Jones, who followed it up by obtaining a mutilated Bengali version of this piece, which he gave to Europe in a prose translation. He was not the man to let any beauty lose in the translating, and accordingly his free and fine prose version roused the admiration of all reading Europe, and drew from Goethe his rapturous praise. In 1794 it was translated by Foster, and since then has continually occupied those Indianists in Germany who are capable of rising from plodding antiquarianism to the enjoyment of the higher charms of literature. The last German version was that of Lobedans, in 1854.—*Westminster Review*.

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sunny tree—
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn when'er I think of thee,
My darling, native vale!

A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.

Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy tale,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But, ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! Old times!

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ELMIRA NEW YORK.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 23d, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—This splendid Gothic structure commenced some three years ago in Elmira, by the late lamented Father Boyle, is now happily approaching completion. The dedication will take place on the 19th of July, and distinguished members of the Catholic Hierarchy and Priesthood are expected to attend and bless the solemn occasion with their presence and talents.

The Church is a noble monument of art and tells well for the zeal and piety of the good people of Elmira. It is 130 feet long—60 feet wide—70 at the transepts, and from floor to the apex of nave 60 feet.

The interior embellishments of the Church in design and finish are extremely chaste and beautiful, causing exclamations of admiration from every one who visits it. When the tower is completed the town authorities are expected to present the congregation with a large clock in keeping with the building, and a subscription is to be started for a chime of bells, which will sound far and near on the pleasant waters of the Chemung, the Church being erected near the banks of that beautiful stream.

The present indefatigable Pastor, Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, formerly of Geneva and Auburn, since his appointment to Elmira has spared neither labor nor expense in completing the interior, and has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the congregation. During the whole winter he continued the works without intermission, keeping two furnaces of the largest size continually going; although some of us tried hard to dissuade him from it, he having no means, and the congregation being exhausted and disheartened.

Now that it is drawing to completion all the citizens are proud of it—Protestants as well as Catholics. They regard it as an ornament to our picturesque and lovely young city, and strangers from all parts of the States visiting here are brought to see it. Already the most respectable Protestants have spoken for pews, and some are making preparations for baptism.

We hope the time is not far distant when such churches will be erected in every large town of the Union, and our Protestant fellow-citizens led thereby to catch, as it were, a glimpse of Heaven in the distance, be brought from the contemplation of material beauty and grandeur to the contemplation of the spiritual, and thus he introduced within the portals of the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth.

When such shall take place the future of Catholicity in the United States will not look so dark and lowering as at present. No matter how poor a congregation may be, all that is necessary for such happy results is a united effort and perseverance.

J. McM.

A STRAW.—At the recent election for municipal officers in Buffalo, the home of Millard Fillmore, there was a complete fusion between the Know-Nothings and Black Republicans. A ticket was formed which was composed of candidates belonging to each of those parties, the division having been made as fair and equal as possible.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE DOOM OF TARA AND ITS FINAL DESERTION, A. D. 564.

The great triennial assembly of the estates of Ireland had been lately held at Tara, and the royal residence had but just settled down into its usual routine. Mirth and minstrelsy filled the halls, and knightly feats of arms on the esplanades without made glad the hearts of royal and noble ladies whose smiles were alike encouragement and reward to the valiant competitors. The royal halls were full of life, and the splendor of a court shed its glory around the ancient palace. Never was its state-ly beauty more perfect—never had it seemed a fitter abode for kings and princes and dames of high degree; never had its harp sounded sweeter, or its minstrels sang bolder strains than they did on the very eve of a great, and unthought-of calamity. And Dermot trode the floor in the plenitude of his power, looking stately and majestic as ever; the handsomest and most accomplished prince of his time, as all our annalists describe him, years seemed to have passed lightly over his brow, so that he was still in the very meridian of life. Yet ever as he smiled and talked gaily with those around him there was discernible on his dark Milesian features an indescribable look of restless anxiety. The smile and the gaiety were clearly put on to cover some deep-seated grief or care. The truth was that Dermot Mac Cearbhaill was ill at ease, and sorrow for the untimely death of his favorite son could not account for the present excited state of his mind, for time had already softened down his grief into a dim and hazy melancholy which the strains of Calmar, his favorite bard, could at any moment soothe away. It was only when any circumstance brought the hated race of Cruithnig* before his mind that the stormy passions of his soul were conjured up. This was well understood by all his courtiers who carefully avoided the dangerous topic as well for their own sake as that of their royal master. But nor sorrow nor revenge now troubled the soul of Dermot. What, then, was it?—what feeling was it that gave that unnatural flush to his cheek, and made his eye glance round ever and anon as though apprehending the approach of danger? Nor was this unperceived by the lords and ladies of the court, although none chose to notice it in words. On the contrary, all seemed anxious to hide their consciousness beneath a mask of gaiety, and hence it was that that memorable evening was a blithesome one in the halls of Tara. The golden sun went down behind the level horizon—where the plains of Meath spread far and wide around—the summer moon uplifted her fair round disc in the opposite direction, and as its beams shone in through the open doors and windows, the monarch, tapping one of his courtiers on the shoulder, bade him follow. The chieftain thus honored was not slow in obeying, albeit that age had somewhat stiffened his once bounding limbs, and the two stepped forth into the moonlight. Having turned a projecting angle of the palace-wall, Dermot stood still and looked the other in the face.

"Thinkest thou, Donough, that they will take any active measures?" said the king, rightly supposing that the same thoughts were uppermost in the mind of his companion.

"I much fear it, my lord," was the quick response, "they are not wont to overlook such offences."

"And yet I but did my duty," said the monarch musingly. "I could not do otherwise!"—he paused a moment, then quickly added, with a heightened color, and in a raised voice: "and that is more, Donough, I would do the same thing again in the same circumstances. Let them do their worst—I shrink not from the consequences of my own wilful act. Donough," he said in an altered tone, "there is a doom on me and mine—the curse of blood follows us, and will follow us till I, at least, am dead—then, perchance, the dark cloud may pass away, and our race may shine again as it did of old—before—before—but enough of this," he added gloomily, "wherefore should the memory of evil deeds darken the soul on a night like this?"

"It is indeed a lovely night," observed the aged chief, willingly assisting to change the subject, "behold, my lord, how the fair moon

sails through the dark blue sky—peace is in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, and wherefore should the soul of man be troubled with bootless solicitude. Look abroad, Dermot, king of fair Ierne, and rejoice in the possession of such an inheritance."

Here they were joined by the queen and some of her ladies, whereupon Dermot, by a mighty effort, shook away the fetters from his soul and revelled for the moment in the brightness of his lot, as far as it was visible to mortal eye. The fairest scenes in his fair kingdom were before him, as in a mighty panorama,* the splendor of a royal palace was around him on every side, and the silvery moonbeams rested lovingly on the wooden walls of Tara, bringing out in strong relief the exquisite grace and beauty of the fabric. And the monarch turning away from the distant prospect, fixed his eyes with yet fonder pride on the glittering walls of his ancestral dwelling. Why did he sigh so heavily as his eye roamed over those beauties so often seen and so critically examined? Did a cold presentiment of evil creep into his soul? Did

"Coming events cast their shadows before?"

Certain it is that Dermot suddenly seized the arm of his queen, and, drawing it within his, observed that the dew was falling heavily, and it was time to go indoors.

On the following day Dermot went early to the chase accompanied by his wife and two daughters—for in those early days, ladies of rank found amusement in such sports as well as their lords and masters, and attended by a number of the lords and ladies of the Court. Donough remained at the palace, being now too old to take pleasure in the chase.

The sun was already declining in the west when the royal party returned to Tara by the great northern road called the Way of the Chariots.† Riding in advance of the others, the monarch's eagle eye speedily discovered that something unusual was going on about the palace. Men of all classes, distinguished by their various colors, were hurrying to and fro on the summit of the hill, and some were standing, as if on the watch, looking down and along the several approaches. In one of these watches Dermot easily recognized the venerable form of his friend Donough, and turning to the queen who just then rode up, he said in hurried accents:

"Let us on, Eveleen, with all haste—something is wrong up yonder," pointing towards the house. As he spoke he put his own noble courser to the gallop, without waiting for an answer, and off he went at a headlong pace, followed by his astonished retinue as closely as they could, the queen urging her beautiful palfrey to the utmost in the vain endeavor to keep up with her fiery lord. Giving way at last, she reined in her docile steed and called to her ladies to fall back too—"Let him go," said she, "there is no need for us to hurry so—we shall hear the news time enough. I pray heaven and St. Bride it be nothing bad for I had fearful dreams last night." Leaving her majesty to gratify the womanly curiosity of her ladies thus excited, let us hasten to Tara after the monarch who has just alighted and given his smoking steed to an attendant, while Donough approaches with an unsteady step and a countenance of blank despair. He was met half way by Dermot.

"What now, Donough?" said the king in a voice which he vainly sought to control—"what am I to read in that dismal face of thine?"

"Alas! my lord, they are coming!" stammered the chieftain, "oh! wo is me that I have lived to see this day!" and the death-like palor of his face attested the depth of his emotion.

"Who are coming?" demanded the king with increasing trepidation.

"Why, St. Ruadhan and a score of his monks—oh! Tara of the kings, how my heart aches for thee!"

"Where dost thou say they are?" said Dermot, making a great effort to restrain his emotion.

"They are on the southern road coming up from Ormond—nay, here they come!—oh Mother of Heaven! could my death save Tara, how willing would I die."

By this time the head of the clerical proces-

* From the top of the hill of Tara, we gain most extensive views of the great plain of Meath, extending along the Boyne from the towers of Trim to the wooded heights of Slane; stretching over the course of the Blackwater to the regal hill of Talteen to Kells, and to the mountains of Cavan; and towards the south-east, taking in the tower of Skreen and the ancient castle of Inishmurray.—"Wide's Boyne and Blackwater, chap. vi, p. 125."

† The traces of this road and several others which formerly led to the Hill of Tara are said to be distinctly visible.

sion was in sight, and a solemn spectacle it was that long train of monks in their dark habits with sandalled feet and cowed heads, St. Ruadhan himself marching in front with a pilgrim's staff in his hand and a cross in the other. Trembling as he was from head to foot, the monarch advanced to meet his illustrious visitor, taking off his hunting-cap and bending the knee before him as though Ruadhan were the king and he the subject. This example was all-powerful; in an instant every soul visible on the hill of Tara, prince and noble, bard and kerne, was kneeling before the holy man in scattered groups. Looking around with a sad and solemn aspect, Ruadhan threw back the cowl from his sunken, emaciated features, and motioned to the king to arise. The latter obeyed and asked would not the blessed Ruadhan and his holy companions deign to enter under his roof.

"Not so, Dermot," said the Saint, in a deep, and somewhat hollow voice, "nor I nor mine can ever tarry within those walls. From this day forward, for evermore, the halls of Tara shall be accursed, and they shall be made desolate as the howling wilderness. No words, prince. I came not hither to talk, but to act. Blood had been shed here—yes, even the blood of him whom thou, Dermot, didst take by force from our poor house of Lothra—"

"But he had defiled the great hall of Tara with blood shed by his own hand and in our royal presence before the solemn assembly of the nation. Thou knowest, holy father, that such a crime was death—death without mercy according to the law. He was guilty of treason, blessed Ruadhan, as well as murder, by reason of the place and the presence wherein his crime was enacted. I—"

"Peace! peace!" said the Saint, sternly. "Be his crime ever so great, he had claimed protection of us at Lothra, and in coming thither with thy armed followers and taking him thence when we were all absent, thou didst violate the sanctuary-law, and though I may not inflict corporal punishment on a prince already doomed of heaven, as blessed Kieran had foretold, I can and will curse this house where the refugee was slain. Thou hast dared the power of the Church, and thou shalt perforce submit to her awful sentence. Back now, Dermot, son of Fergus Cearbhaill—back, I say, and keep thy queen from coming hither—she and her ladies are approaching." But the royal Eveleen and her daughters were already at his feet beseeching him to spare their time-honored dwelling.

"Nay, royal ladies, it cannot be—the majesty of the Church must be vindicated—retire, madam, such scenes befit not female eyes. Take these ladies hence, my lord," to the king, "thou hast palaces enow besides Tara. See that thou defilest them not as thou hast this. I grieve for the ancient dwelling of so many kings, but the blame of its destruction rests not with me." So saying, he drew out his stole, which one of the monks adjusted round his neck, which preliminary struck terror into every heart, and made the king draw, or rather drag his weeping consort and their trembling daughters from the spot. He saw that no earthly power could save his beloved Tara, and, having placed the ladies in a place of safety, he returned with a sort of desperate determination stamped on his brow, to witness the fatal ceremony.

Walking round and round every building on the hill, the Saint pronounced a solemn curse in the prescribed formula of the Church, his monks answering "Amen," to every clause of the anathema. The stillness of death was on the multitude—for the palace had now emptied forth its occupants of every grade, and the college, too, its students—and no sound was heard save the song of birds, high up amongst the branches of the aged oaks then shading various parts of the royal inclosure, and the solemn voice of the saintly monk, as he pronounced the fatal words that made "Tara of Kings" a desert. At times, that deep, sonorous voice was heard to quiver—then a momentary pause, during which men held their breath in awe and expectation; but anon, ay! instantaneously, the anathema was resumed in a clear, firm tone, showing how easily Saints can master even the strongest and deepest human feelings. He declared that because of the blood unlawfully shed within its walls, Tara was from that day forward an accursed place, and that no king or prince should ever more dwell in its ancient halls. "Thy glory is departed, O Temora!" said he in conclusion, "a curse is in thee and on thee, and thy hearth shall become chill and desolate. The wolf and the fox shall prowl through the halls were

princes were wont to dwell, and the children of other times shall ask if this be Tara of the kings, the glory and the pride of Ierne. Thus it is that the proudest works of man—yes, and man himself—wither away before the fierce wrath of God—vengeance is mine," saith the Lord of Hosts. Turning then to his brethren, he said: "Let us go, brethren, we are weary after our long journey, let us seek a house wherein to obtain rest and shelter."

They had travelled on foot all the way from St. Ruadhan's Abbey of Lothra in Lower Ormond, now Tipperary.

Turning neither to the right hand nor the left, but shaking the dust of the unclean place from their feet, the holy train resumed its march by the same road it had come. No sooner were the monks departed than a wall of anguish arose from the assembled multitude as each and all prepared to abandon Tara to that loneliness which was its doom. None of the ladies could be prevailed upon to enter its walls even in search of their gear and jewels, and the king himself had to use his royal authority before any even of the menials, would consent to go in with him for some state documents and other valuables which he did not choose to leave behind. Once in, and being joined by Donough and one or two other friends, the king succeeded in securing what was most valuable and then made a hasty retreat. Leaving a party of mounted knights to watch the deserted palace, (a precaution wholly unnecessary, seeing that none would enter within the walls,) the royal party proceeded to the nearest castle where they spent the night. Next day all the plenshing and clothing were removed to the other seats of royalty, and Tara was left to utter loneliness and desolation. For ages after, the stately palace stood a mournful lesson to successive rulers, a weird record of the bloody scenes of former times. Gradually, however, the wooden superstructures disappeared, and only the earthen works forming their basis remained visible. And these are still to be seen on Tara hill,—provided the traveller has taste or time to examine them—giving unmistakable evidence of the immense extent of the royal buildings now for ever gone. Those regal halls so closely entwined with all the reminiscences of Ireland's departed glory, are now silent all and desolate; only their foundations remain, for the halls themselves, so highly extolled of old, have long since disappeared. They are transferred, however, to the page of history, and, like many others of their class, may be useful

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Yes! the royal halls of Tara are numbered with the things that were; like the great Assyrian cities there is hardly a trace of them remaining, but their fall was neither unwept nor unsung. The bards of that day though not daring to find fault with the curse pronounced upon the royal dwelling, and the city which had grown up with it, and with it perished, do still unequivocally lament its ruin, and in every age from the days of Dermot down the "sons of song" in Ireland have taken up the theme. Last in the order of time, and most familiar to every reader is the exquisite dirge of our lost and lamented Moore whose own harp is now, alas! "mute" as the harp of Tara whose fateful silence he so sweetly mourns. Such is the fate of human greatness, and human pride, and all things that are of human origin; in the words of Haynes Bayley,

"The harp, the smile, the plume,
Are in the tomb
And poets, too,
Who sang their praise."

But Tara of the kings will never be forgotten; it will live in song and story and on the page of history whilst there is one true Irish heart to sing or speak or write. The heart of Ireland must be cold and dead when the name of Tara shall cease to make its pulses throb. Tara, the home of such magnificent monarchs as Ollamh Fodla the legislator, Con of the Hundred Battles, Niall of the Nine Hostages, Dathu the conqueror, and Cormac the sage, is surely as well deserving of notice even in universal history as the Quirinal of Rome or the Acropolis of Athens. Rome and Greece had their day of power, and so had Ireland too. If her conquests never reached far abroad she was a great and a free nation once in her time, and Tara was the centre, the focus of her glory. This is and will be while the world lasts, the claim of Tara to remembrance.

—In our next, CAPTURE OF THE EARL OF DESMOND BY TEAGUE O'CONNOR, A.D. 1466; and CARBERRY CASTLE BURNED BY RED HUGH O'DONNEL, A.D. 1475.

* A name given to the princes of Dalriada.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

A New Name for an Old Folly.—Mutiny of the Native Indian Troops.—The Divorce Bill.—The Parliamentary Oaths Bill.—Action of the Catholic Party.—The Beer Bill.—Movements of the Royal Family and their Visitors.—The Royal Christening.—Ireland.—Agricultural Prospects.—Industrial Progress.—Lord Lieutenantcy of Tipperary.—Robert Holmes.—Douglas Jerrold.

London, 12th June, 1857.

It is universally believed on the Continent that the English national malady, *par excellence*, is the spleen. This is a very serious error; for whatever may be the splenetic proclivities of the worthy individual generally known by the rather unpoetical cognomen of John Bull, they only occupy a secondary position in the list of chronic diseases which affect the moral and physical constitution of our honorable friend, the representative of the Anglo-Saxon race. I cannot claim the credit of having discovered the veritable disease which undermines the body politic, social and religious, of our friend, but I shall at least have the glory of giving it a name. I would humbly suggest that this terrible English national disease be henceforth termed the *prose-lytomania*. This species of madness allows the unfortunate sufferer no lucid intervals; it only varies in its degrees of intensity and fury. It makes him undertake the most inconceivable and impossible enterprises. It suggests to his disordered mind the extra-absurd idea of converting poetic Ireland—Ireland of the warm heart and fervid imagination—to the frigid, terrestrial, earthy, clayey, two-and-two-make-four system of the German renegade monk. It drives him to the ends of the earth, with the Bible (*his Bible*, with the books for which he cares not left out) in one hand, his general ledger in the other, an umbrella under his arm, a patent cook-any-thing-in-three-minutes strapped on his back, and a flagon, (which through a pious regard for appearances is made to imitate a book,) containing a quantity of the liquor beloved of Stiggins, strung by his side. It opens his purse—albeit unused to the opening mood—and makes him spend hundreds of thousands of his dear and cherished pounds sterling in the conversion of a solitary Jew! A Jew, no doubt, hath ears, a Jew hath eyes, and, most certainly, a Jew hath a nose, but the depraved and God-ignoring Englishman who crouches in the London dens where crimes and vices pollute hath also nose and eyes, and ears if he have neither heart nor brains nor conscience, and would seem also a worthy object of the proselytomania's solicitude. But one of the principal characteristics of the mania is that the person it seizes on perceives the mote in the eye of one of the antipodes and cannot see the beam in his own, even with the aid of the most powerful of magnifying glasses.

You are no doubt aware that mutinies of a serious nature have taken place among the Native Indian troops at Beerut, that several officers and men have been killed and wounded, and the bungalows of the offices burned. Various were the causes to which the revolt was attributed. Now, it was an order to distribute "greasy cartridges;" then it was the absence of the European officers, and then again it was all the fault of the 34th Regiment of British Native Infantry. It was this, that and the other thing, and of course everything but the right thing; it would not do to let that—if it could possibly be concealed. The fact is that grease had as little to do with the affair as chloroform or handspikes. The *prose-lytomania* has been the sole cause of the disaffection. A systematic interference with the religious opinions of those natives has been carried on for a long time, and if measures are not taken to change the system of governing India in that regard—if the authorities persist in uniting Souperism with government, much graver disturbances may be looked for, and England's position with regard to certain Indian possessions seriously compromised. In the House of Lords on Friday last, Lord Ellenborough openly attributed the mutiny to the cause I have assigned for it, and wished to know if Government had sent instructions to India, directing the various Governments to make known to all the army-stations in the country that Government would in future, *as in times past*, protect all their subjects in the undisturbed exercise of their religion. Of course Government had not done, nor did not intend to do, anything of the sort.

The Bill for legally putting asunder those whom God hath joined drags its slowly length through the gantlet of discussion. The Catholics are making vigorous efforts to arrest this attempt to give to adultery the sanction of the law. Petitions are being signed numerously throughout the kingdom. A pamphlet has been

published on the Scriptural point of view, in which the author, under the disguise of a pseudonym, knocks the Bishops of the Established Church on the head with their own weapon, and proves to them that they know as little of their business as the majority of the English ensigns at Sebastopol did of theirs—that they are as sadly deficient in biblical singlestick as the latter in the sword exercise.

The second reading of the Parliamentary Oaths' Bill was agreed to without opposition, but Sir F. Thesiger expressed his desire to inform the House of the course he intended to pursue with regard to the Bill. He had not opposed the second reading of it, but as the cheers which followed the passing of the Bill through the present stage indicated some misapprehension as to his ulterior action on the measure, he gave notice that he should in committee propose adding to the oath these words: "And I do make this promise, renunciation, abjuration and declaration, heartily, willingly, truly and upon the true faith of a Christian." The last mail informed you that a meeting of the Catholic Members of both Houses and of Catholic notabilities had been held, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, and that it was decided to wait on Lord Palmerston with a view to the expunging, from the Parliamentary oath, the portions objectionable or rather insulting to Roman Catholics. The interview with his Lordship was not deemed encouraging, and the Catholic Members have resolved to introduce and support amendments embodying the reforms demanded, and to petition government to adopt a form of oath for all members without distinction of creed. The advocates of the Bill fear to see their amiable project compromised by the action of the Catholics, and express their surprise that the latter should be so *selfish* as to endanger the passage of a measure calculated to remove the disabilities of any class of their fellow-citizens, but they seem to forget the insult which is given to every Catholic Member when that oath is administered to him. They want the Catholics to help them in getting their rights, but they philanthropically desire that Catholics should be satisfied to go without theirs. Which party seems the most *selfish*?

Another very unselfish measure has just been checked. I allude to Hardy's bill for robbing poor men of their beer, which has been rejected in the House of Commons by a very decisive majority.

From beer to Princes is an abrupt transition, but as the Prince in question is a German one it may be permitted. H. R. H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia arrived at Windsor Castle last Wednesday night. It is stated that the Queen accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Prussia, and four of the royal children will go to Manchester on the 29th and visit the Exhibition on the following day. On the 30th the Queen will privately examine the objects exhibited and return hither on Thursday, 2d July.

The new yearly tax of ten thousand a year on the pockets of the British Empire will receive a name at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday next. I should have said several names for it is the custom to give royal infants a multitude of appellations to go to church by.

Your readers of course take a particular interest in affairs at the other side of the Irish Sea. The prospects for an abundant harvest are quite cheering, and the gentle rains which have fallen lately have gladdened the hearts of the farmers. While everything is so promising in agriculture, industrial enterprise seems determined not to be left behind. A new scheme has been started for developing the mineral resources of the county Mayo, especially the lead, marble, and slate, of which there are vast quantities. The enterprise is to be called the "West of Ireland Mining Company." A lease has been granted by the Marquis of Sligo to Sir James Dombain of a tract of land 200 square miles in area, and embracing all the mines and minerals in the western and south-western districts of Mayo, and it is anticipated that a monopoly of the American trade in slates, marbles, &c., may soon be secured by the company to whom this lease is to be made over. Among the directors I notice Mr. Dargan's name.

The Lord Lieutenantcy of Tipperary vacated by the death of Lord Linmore has been conferred upon his son, the present Viscount.

I must close my letter with sad news, but which your Irish Exchanges have no doubt already brought you. Robert Holmes closed on English soil an unsullied life. He carries with

him to the better land, the respect of even the most opposed to him in political views.

Death has also taken from amongst us the talented and witty Douglas Jerrold. Most of the newspapers have published biographical extracts so that I may dispense with any details of that description. He was certainly the wittiest man in England, and his sympathies were ever with the poor and lowly born. May the earth lie gently over him!

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Elections.—The Candidates.—M. de Montalembert.—L'UNIVERS.—M. M. Taconnet and Louis Veillot.—French Journals on the Recent Disturbances in Belgium.—LE NORD.—LE CONSTITUTIONNEL.—Injuries Inflicted on the Christian Brothers at Jemmapes.—Meeting of the Representatives belonging to the Droite.—His Holiness the Pope at Bologna.—His Visitors.—Work for the Paris Conference.

PARIS, 11th June, 1857.

The topic of general conversation here at present is the coming elections. A particular interest attaches to them from the fact that the government has left all parties free to nominate their candidates. The Emperor, as if conscious of his strength, consents to struggle openly and on equal terms with his adversaries, when with a word he could have incapacitated them for the combat. The effect of the permission to name candidates, publish circulars, &c., has been to cause the adoption, by certain portions of the opposition, of a fusion ticket in which it must be admitted that the most heterogeneous elements have been blended together—*orleanists*, *parliamentarians*, *democrats* and *republicans*. Some well known names are on the list—names of men of '48—Garnier, Pages, Cavaignac, &c. It is to be expected that Cavaignac will poll a large vote; the *orleano-democratico-republican* candidates in general, may poll a fair number of votes in the cities, but in the provinces they have not the shade of a chance.

The report that an official antagonist had been opposed to M. de Montalembert turns out to be true. The Marquis de Conegliano has already set out for Besancon. *L'Union Francoise*, which is both the principal Catholic organ and the most important journal of Franche Comte, in announcing and approving the candidature of M. de Montalembert, states that it is by no means in opposition to the government. *L'Union* knows that the feelings which animated the electors who chose M. de Montalembert for their candidate were more elevated and more liberal. The character they attribute to it is that which the name of M. de Montalembert signifies. He especially represents civil and religious liberty which he has ever defended. The one, in the opinion of the *Union* and of M. de Montalembert, cannot go without the other. The great orator's name cannot be separated from that cause and from the great cause of the Church, that he has ever sought to protect and guarantee by liberty itself. M. de Montalembert's address to the electors is conceived in the same spirit as the article of the *Union Francoise*. A Besancon journal having published in its Paris correspondence the statement that the Count de Montalembert had made up his mind to have the clergy and the country against him in the coming election, the Count has written a reply in which he says that he thinks himself as fully entitled, as in 1848, 1849, and 1852, to the suffrage of honest men, without any distinction between city or country, clergy or laity. He has never abandoned one of the principles which have procured him the honor of representing the independent electors of the Doubs three several times.

I wrote to you in my last that a meeting of the shareholders of the *Univers* was to be held for the purpose of definitely arranging the proprietorship of that journal. The question has been disposed of, and the *Univers* is now altogether in the hands of M. Louis Veillot, and his publisher, M. Eugene Taconnet. M. Jules Gondou, whom I mentioned as about to dispute the cession of the property to M. Taconnet, was found wanting for various reasons. M. Gondou, who has been one of the principal editors of *L'Univers* for the last eight years, has retired from the editorial chair. There was a report that M. de Montalembert and the *Correspondant*, had something to do with the combination of M. Jules Gondou, but it is needless to indicate the perverse falsity of such a rumor. The *Univers* in announcing the arrangement entered into, informs its readers that M. Veillot still continues to be the chief editor of the paper, and that consequently no change has taken place either in the attitude or doctrines of the journal.

The *Univers* and most of our journals here

are occupied in commenting on and discussing the state of things in Belgium. The *Siecle*, the republican organ, supports the rioters whose proceedings it calls a *legitimate protestation*. The *Univers*, the *Union*, the *Assemblée Nationale*, the *Constitutionnel* are properly and logically severe on such an extraordinary pretension. If hooting deputies, insulting and inflicting grievous bodily injury on men and women invested with a sacred character, and destroying property, be a *legitimate* protestation against a law approved by a large majority representing the opinions of the mass of the population, the sooner the individuals capable of making such a demonstration are prevented from having any voice in the affairs of the country the better it will be for the cause of law, order, and legislative liberty. The specious cry of the apologists, or rather eulogists of the rioters, is, naturally enough, the encroachments of the Catholic clergy. But the provisions of the law so obnoxious to the self-styled *liberal* party, are in force in England and in your America, yet I have no doubt that John Bull and Brother Jonathan would be wonderfully indignant if any person should accuse them of being under the influence of the Catholic clergy!

The *Nord*, a paper published in Brussels, is not very severe on the rioters; yet it blames them a little, censures the *Droite* and the *Gauche*—the Right and the Left—a little, and praises the "lofty wisdom" of the King a great deal. In attempting to reply to an article by M. Granier de Cassagnac, (principal editor of the *Constitutionnel* and one of the candidates for re-election to the corps Legislatif,) in which the talented writer says that the Belgian Constitution is virtually suspended, and the prolonged existence of Belgium, as a nation, endangered by such dangerous precedents as royal obedience to the illegal desires of a mob, the *Nord* says that a *hundred noisy fellows* are not all Belgium. To sacrifice a great and lawful majority and an important measure to the clamors of a *hundred noisy fellows*, does not strike me as being a very conclusive proof of the "lofty wisdom" of his Majesty, the King of the Belgians.

The insignificant faction whose uproariousness and paucity of numbers are vouched for by a journal more friendly to them than otherwise, and whose arrogance adopts the title of the *Liberal* party, seems to have forgotten that they owe the rights they enjoy or rather abuse, to the Catholics, whose energetic action against the Protestant King of Holland made Belgium a nation. This "liberal" party, likewise, as a proof of its consistency and its right to the epithet it has adopted, complains that the *extension of the suffrage* was the means of their defeat by allowing certain classes to vote—classes that, in the opinion of this highly "liberal" party whose intelligence betrays itself in window breaking, &c., were totally unfit to enjoy that privilege. How liberal, and, above all, how logical!

In addition to the details already given, the Belgian journals relate that at Jemmapes one of the Christian Brothers had been so inhumanly treated that his life was in danger. Three others have been severely injured. The chapel was profaned, the sacerdotal ornaments burned, and statue of the Blessed Virgin broken.

A large meeting of the representatives belonging to the *Droite*, took place the other evening at the house of the Count de Merode-Westerlof, for the purpose of deciding on the course to be pursued by the majority on the question of the Charitable Institutions Bill. The result of the meeting was a determination to await the resolution of the king and the crown counsellors, and a declaration that the Catholic opinion of the country had every confidence in the wisdom and justice of the government. What a lesson for the "liberal" party is furnished by such conduct!

A letter from Rome, dated the 4th, announces the Pope's arrival at Bologna. It was almost impossible for strangers to find accommodation, so crowded was the city with persons coming from all directions to have the pleasure of seeing the Holy Father. The Grand Duke of Tuscany with his entire family was expected, and intend to remain some time in the city. The Duke and Duchess of Modena were also looked for, and the Duchess of Parma, the Grand Daughter of Louis XVI., intended also to visit the Supreme Pontiff. It is reported that his Holiness will go to Florence and consecrate the new bishop, after having held a consistory at Bologna. The Bishop of Ancona and the Archbishop of Toledo, the present confessor of the Queen of Spain, are, it is said, to receive the Cardinal's Hat.

The Christians of Turkey as well the Jews are about to receive a proof of the Sultan's desire to progress in the way of European Civilization. His treasury being in a most unhealthy state he has determined to levy a tax of thirty-four piastres on Christians and Jews of all ages, to compensate for their exemption from military service. The Sultan requires the amount of the tax for two years to be paid immediately.

The members of the Paris Conference, who are to reassemble one of those days, might occupy their time usefully by inquiring into the matter.

ROBERT HOLMES.

By the white cliffs of England, old Robert Holmes has at last breathed his long-spent spirit into eternity. He has left but "few heirs of his company;" and none of his splendid eloquence and indefectible integrity, in that once glorious Bar of which for many a stuff-gown generation he has been the father. He carries to his grave a reputation unstained by a single corrupt, or cowardly, or inconsistent act. The fairest marble that may be found for his statue, between Donegal and Sorrento, is not white, or flawless, or solid enough to typify the lofty and venerable virtue of his career. May his end have been at peace with God on high and on earth with men of good will!

His name awakes all that we remember of the brightest genius that ever adorned the history of Ireland, and the most gallant hearts that have shed their blood for her freedom. He was the friend and rival of Plunket and Bushe, in College and at the Bar—he was the brother and the partizan in all their politics of the Emmetts. He had all the lofty genius and sonorous eloquence of the one order of men—all the unselfish devotion, and chivalrous independence of the other. For years, he bore the equal palm in keen vigor of brain, and vivid subtlety of speech, with those whose peers the Four Courts will hardly ever see again. They all passed him in the world's ways of fame and fortune. They became Masters and Barons, and Justices and Chancellors, while his silver hair whitened on a head worthy of Aristides, and his upright figure slowly stooped under the self-denying ordinance of the stuff gown, whose texture no British government could ever induce him to change. Every house has its skeleton, and verily Robert Holmes was the skeleton of the Irish Bar. The Hall is well rid of that noble presence, at whose antique purity Mr. Keogh might blush on the Bench, and Mr. Macdonogh re-consider his views of human nature. Better to him, and happier far, we are sure it was, in the quiet days of his old age, to remember the pure ambition of his youth, which he had never betrayed; the early friends, to whose hopes and memories he had been so faithful always; and the Spartan independence of his manhood, maintained through every trial and every temptation of a slavish and corrupt age. Better, than to sit in scarlet and ermine, the badge of some indecipherable baseness, or play the hoary pander of political immorality. He did not miss the fees or the insignia of office. The patriarch's plain robe had more true honor and respect than the Chancellor's sash; and the eager zeal, and rigid conscience, and vigorous talents which he gave to all his duties, readily raised him an honest fortune worth more than the purchase of the youngest Judge's place.

Even the cause of nationality derived lustre from his life. It was like a miracle to see that old man, who had witnessed such disasters and reverses; and who had himself suffered with actual imprisonment, the bitter heart-wound of his dearest affections, the heavy penalty of long unpropitious prospects for that fatal cause—as true to it, as faithful to the end, as when he and Addis Emmett in their hot youth, may have debated the ideal of a philanthropic Republic in the Historical Society. No tribune in Ireland has uttered for many and many a year language that swelled with such a glorious spirit of freedom, and fell into cadences of splendid rhetoric, as his defence of the *Nation* in 1845. His defence of Mr. Mitchell in 1848 was hardly inferior in power, and even more daring in its spirit. The passion of his early life, suppressed for years of hopeless silence and shame, again burst forth as in a flood of molten metal. It would be a scene worthy of a national painter—that wonderful scene of the old man's repitition the next day in open court of the sentiments he had uttered in his speech as his own sentiments, and his challenge to the Attorney-General to vindicate the law against him.

He sleeps in English soil—his fame not forgotten wherever there are grateful Irish hearts all over the wide earth. Even among the men of his own time, he stood alone—the standard of a patriotism above the aims of O'Connell, or the conception of Plunket—yet in history he does not stand alone, but takes his place in the long line of martyrs and apostles who, from age to age, have handed down the tradition of the absolute right of Ireland to be a nation independent of England. In the callous and worldly times through which he spent his life, the last place where we should have sought for a living witness of that faith, was in the Hall of the Four Courts. Yet in the long record of Irish rebellion, neither soldier, nor priest, nor journalist, has been more faithful to the faith that was in him, than the brave old barrister, Robert Holmes. Peace to his ashes, and honor to his name.—*Nation*.

PAWNBROKING IN NEW YORK.

There are at the present time 42 pawnbrokers in this city, each paying an annual license of \$50; the aggregate number of license fees thus being \$2,100—a ridiculously small amount when the extent of their transactions is considered. It is not known what amount of capital is invested in the business, particularly as the returns are so quick, and the profits are thrown back into the concern. Many of the smaller class of pawnbrokers complain that they have not sufficient capital to transact the business which comes to them; the consequence is, they are either forced to refuse the articles offered or to value them at a great depreciation. No man who goes into the business can hope to do justice to his customers unless he have a capital of at least \$10,000; but half the pawnbrokers, perhaps, in the city, do not possess that amount, whilst a number of them, particularly the new beginners, commence with about \$2,000.

The larger houses have comparatively few transactions daily, as compared with the humbler ones—75 per cent. of the various pledges of the city are for small amounts, ranging from nine cents to one dollar, and eight-tenths of these again, do not amount to seventy-five cents each. S. D. Moss, of Catherine street, doing an average daily business of \$150, takes about 35,000 pledges annually, nearly 112 per diem, and Patrick Genley, whose books show 23,000 tickets during the past year, or 73 daily, loans \$60 per diem, so that the pledges taken at his office average about 82 cents each. The average of all the pledges throughout the city is from 68 cents to 75 cents—the bulk at about 31 cents.

The articles which are submitted for inspection are of the most varied description, ranging from a *parure* of diamonds to a flat iron; everything, in fact, which is considered to have the value of a few cents, and is portable. The valuation of the different articles is left to the pawnbrokers themselves. They usually appraise them at about one-third their value; gold, silver, and precious stones at about two-thirds. Perishable articles, such as linens, stuffs, silks, wearing apparel, &c., are put at a very low figure—something between a fourth and fifth. The legal interest on all amounts above \$25 is only 7 per cent., and this is but small inducement to a man who can obtain that amount easily outside his business, and without the risks of trade. There is consequently an indisposition with pawnbrokers to value any article at more than the \$25; if a man, for instance, present a watch and chain, the former worth \$100 and the chain an equal amount, the clerk offers the applicant \$25 on each article, and hands the individual two separate tickets, so that the desired 25 per cent. is ultimately attained.

The profits of pawnbroking are immense, and some of our more extensive operators are among the richest of our citizens. We can make a pretty sure calculation of the annual profits from the table of daily payments given; but it will be necessary to state, firstly, that transactions involving large amounts, and which would only realize 7 per cent., are now done by the loan offices, of which more anon; and secondly, one-third of the entire pledges are never redeemed. The total money loaned annually in our city on pledges is over \$1,424,150, or in round numbers a million and a half of dollars. The pawnbrokers, as before shown, never appraise any articles at more than two-thirds their value—and only gold, jewelry, &c., at that—consequently, the goods left over the twelve-months, on being sold at auction—as the law directs, or at private sale as the pawnbrokers prefer—realize some \$500,000 annually. This is a very profitable branch of the business, and leads one to suspect that the pawnbroker has an eye to the probable non-redemption of the goods when he values them at the ordinary small figure as compared with their purchase price. The law says that the left over articles shall be put up at auction yearly, but the law does not provide for the enforcement of this regulation; consequently, the more valuable objects are disposed of at private sale, where their worth is more likely to be appreciated. Many of the pawnbrokers, too, have licences as auctioneers, and can buy in the articles, if they do not fetch the price expected.

Twenty-five per cent. per annum is a pretty good amount for any man to realize on his capital. In Wall street, where dollar bills are simply counters in the game of speculation, and bulls and bears play at pitch-and-toss with quintuple eagles, the lawful interest is only seven per cent.; but our lawgivers punish poverty to the tune of four times that amount. More than twenty-five per cent. is taken in thousands of cases, for the pawnbroker's practice of arithmetic goeth not so far as fractions, and he takes care to be always on the winning side. This weighs heavier on the poor than the "Dutch change" of twenty-four cents to the quarter dollar. Taking twenty-five per cent., however, as the rate of interest, we find that \$375,000 are annually made on the loans of \$1,500,000. Adding to this amount the profits accruing from the sale of unredeemed pledges, we may safely assert that \$750,000 are yearly received as profits by the forty-two pawnbrokers of our city.

Immense as are these figures they do not satisfy the insatiable greed of gain of some of our citizens. The articles worth over \$25 are now taken to establishments called "loan offices," which are springing up in our principal streets, in evasion, or rather defiance of the law. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The agent appraises the article somewhat near its intrinsic value, and lends a sum accordingly, at ten per cent. per month; if the article is not then redeemed it is confiscated. A paper is handed to the borrower,

stating that on such and such a day, if a certain amount be paid, a certain article will be restored to him. If, however, he desires further time he has to pay an additional sum for another month. This addition varies from two to five per cent. on the amount originally loaned. Thousands of our citizens are now borrowing money at from 120 to 180 per cent. per annum, and the pawnbroking law of our State is somewhat the cause of it.

But pawnbroking can be made of real service to that class of the community for whom it is intended, and we therefore submit the following suggestions to our legislators, as the basis of a bill:

25 per cent. per annum is exorbitant for articles below \$25 value, and 7 per cent. too little for those above it. The proper rate is about 16 per cent. on all articles.

Twelve months is too long a period for linen, cotton and woollen goods, and articles of clothing. These should be taken at 8 per cent. for six months, and the pawnbroker would lend much more on them than under the present rates.

The Inspector should examine the books kept at the various offices and see that the different articles unredeemed are put up to auction as the law directs.

If these suggestions are carried out, they will not merely benefit the tens of thousands of our poorer citizens, but forthwith put a quietus on the swindling loan offices.—*N. Y. Herald*.

IMPORTANT IS TRUE.—An European officer of very superior military education is said to be at present actively engaged in different parts of the United States, enlisting officers for some unknown military project. The report originated in the *N. Y. Tribune*, where it was urged, that the enlistments were made for the purpose of forming a standing army in Central America, and putting that country in a state of defence against future marauding parties, such as those led by the notorious Walker. Further, that the five Central American States were to be combined and changed into a monarchy; the project to be effected with the co-operation of a political party in Mexico. We are not inclined to put much confidence in the above. Perhaps the "European Officer" alluded to is preparing for a second and better organized invasion of Nicaragua than the last. Characters of this sort need watching.

THE COSTA RICANS.—Advices from Costa Rica to the 16th May bring us the gratifying intelligence that the Costa Rican people were celebrating the expulsion of Walker and his band of Fillibusters from Nicaragua. At San Jose, in particular, the inhabitants were engaged in welcoming back the troops, and nothing but festivities and good nature towards each other were thought of. The most interesting feature connected with the celebrations at San Jose, however, was the appearance of about three hundred Fillibusters who were made prisoners, and transmitted to that city. More fortunate than their companions in arms (the majority of whom perished of sickness and want), they were partaking of the general hilarity, their persons safe, and their wants attended to, by a generous people, who, in the day of their triumph, could or would not offer them the slightest insult.

PRINCE ALFRED ON HIS TRAVELS.—The London *Court Circular* states that the Prince of Wales is about to commence his travels, and that he will pass a portion of the summer on the Rhine, going from thence through Switzerland before he returns home. He will travel under the title of Baron Renfrow. This idea of some foreign education for the young man who is one day to become King, is an excellent one, but it should not be too contracted in its operation. We propose, therefore, that after he has passed the present summer in looking at the little countries into which the peninsula called Europe is cut up, he shall come over here, as plain Alfred Guelph, Esq., and take a look at this country, which occupies nearly a whole continent. Travel in the United States has turned out two of the most prominent monarchs Europe has had during the last generation. Louis Philippe was among us, and descended the Mississippi on a flatboat in the beginning of the present century. He saw us as we then were, learned much, and did pretty well for eighteen years on the throne of France. Louis Napoleon came later, when we had got steamboats and a few railroads, and he learned more. The results of his eight years' rule show that if he endures ten years longer he will have surpassed Louis Philippe greatly in the benefit he derived from his stay with us. We are much in advance of where we were twenty years ago, and could give the Prince an insight into men and things now that would fit him to become a greater monarch than either of those we have educated. We would recommend that Palmerston should come with him, but we fear he is too old to learn anything.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Charles Lever, the well-known Irish writer, is sojourning at present in Florence. His son has been lately appointed to a commission in the British army. He is not coming to the United States as anticipated.

CITY NEWS.

POWER'S GREEK SLAVE.—Hiram Power's well known statue of the Greek Slave, which for more than a week has been on exhibition in the rotunda of the Merchant's Exchange, Wall st., was sold at public auction at that place on Tuesday, the 23rd ult. The sale attracted a large concourse of persons. Several well known and prominent citizens of this and neighboring cities were in attendance. Precisely at noon the auctioneer ascended the stand and announced the sale. Several bids were made, varying from one thousand to six thousand dollars. Finally, the sale was brought to a close; the auctioneer announcing that the statue had become the property of the Cosmopolitan Art Association of Cincinnati, on whose behalf it had been purchased by their agent, Mr. Cooper, for the sum of six thousand dollars. We understand the above named association intend putting it up as a prize at one of their future distributions.

Another police officer detailed for duty along the East River piers in the 7th Ward has disappeared. As he was a steady person in his habits, the presumption is that he has been foully dealt with.

WARNING TO BATHERS.—A young man named George Hyle, eighteen years of age, was drowned while bathing at the foot of Rutgers street, East River. He had not divested himself of his entire clothing before entering the water, and in consequence his efforts at swimming became obstructed. His remains were found and conveyed to the residence of his parents.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The joint committees of both boards of the city government, have voted three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars towards the celebration of the 4th of July. They have also appropriated two hundred and twenty-five dollars to the veterans of the war of 1812, and seventy-five dollars to enable the veterans of 1776 to fire a salute.

FOR SALE.—The Buonaparte estate at Bordentown, New Jersey, was offered for sale at the Merchant's Exchange last week. The property was offered at a reasonable value, for less than one-third of the original cost, but even at that, a purchaser could not be obtained.

NEW COMERS.—Over seventy-five thousand persons have arrived here from Europe within the present year, against fifty thousand to the middle of June, 1856;—a large increase.

THE MEAT MARKET.—There was a decline in the meat market last week, and well informed parties anticipate a still further reduction.

They do singular things in this city sometimes. A young man employed as a clerk in a store in the upper part of the city, decamped with another man's wife for parts unknown. After the lapse of some days, Officer Farley discovered their retreat in Poughkeepsie, whither they had gone after leaving New York, and where they got married. The parties were brought back to this city, and taken before Judge Osborn, who committed the now unhappy bridegroom to prison on a charge of grand larceny.

Two rascals called at the residence of Dr. Kinschiff, 197 Seventh street, at an unusually late hour, and notified him that his services were needed in the upper part of the city. The Doctor went with them, and on arriving at an unfrequented spot they attacked him fiercely, beat him about the head in a shocking manner, robbed him of his money and watch and then fled. Some passers-by conveyed him to his residence. The physicians in attendance pronounced his case hopeless.

A delivery clerk in the employment of Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co., of this city, has been arrested and brought before Justice Flandreau, of the Jefferson Police Court, at the instance of his employers, on a charge of embezzlement. The Justice committed him to prison to await his trial.

Street cleaning has commenced in earnest. The first move towards affecting that end was made on Friday, the 26th ult. It is expected the city will present a tolerably clean appearance before the Inspector will give over his present exertions.

Several new and handsomely-designed cars, intended for the Fourth avenue line, has been put on the track lately and excited much attention from their handsome appearance. They are very commodious, well finished, and run quite smoothly.

The dog war has commenced in earnest. Over one thousand have been killed and transferred to Barren Island.

John Nicholson,
Martin Waters,

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CONTENTS.

Preface,.....viii.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Family of Dr. Maginn—His first Teacher—Studies at the Irish College, Paris—Ordained in Ireland—Appointed Curate of Moville—Brief Account of Innishowen—The Derry Discussion—Catholic Emancipation—Mr. Maginn appointed Parish Priest.

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The Mission of the new Parish Priest—State of the Church in General—Local Exertions of Dr. Maginn—He suppresses Secret Societies—Founda Seven National Schools—His Conduct in regard to the National Board of Education—His Increasing Influence—His Preaching as described by a Contemporary.....40-63

CHAPTER III.

O'Connell's last Effort for Repeal—Mr. Maginn's zeal in that Agent—His Correspondence with the Duke of Normandy—His Confidence in O'Connell's Triumph—His Elevation to the Episcopacy—Congratulations thereupon—National Politics—His Opinion of the Young Ireland Party—His Success as an Administrator.....64-80

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Maginn's Evidence before Lord Devon's "Commission on the Occupation of Land in Ireland"—Frequent Maladministration of the Poor Law—The Failure of the Poor Law—The Indignation of the Destruction of Human Life—His incessant Efforts to Relieve the Poor—Strongly Opposes the proposed wholesale Emigration to Canada—Society for the Conservation of the Faith.....81-103

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Maginn's Views of Church Policy in Ireland—The Charitable Bequest Act—The Queen's Colleges—Differences of Opinion among the Hierarchy on the Colleges Act as amended—Accession of the Whigs to Power—The New Pope—Episcopal Meetings in Rome—The Appointment of the Pope to re-appoint the National Pastoral of Dr. Maginn on that event—His reception at Rome, and by the Holy Father.....104-120

CHAPTER VI.

Pontificate of Pius IX.—English Intrigues in Italy—Lord Minto's Mission—Lord Shrewsbury's Visit to Rome—Lord Clarendon's Proposition to Archbishop Murray—The Irish Bishops, opposed to the Government scheme of Academic Education, and two of their number to Rome—The Agents and Influences employed against them—Success of the Mission of Drs. MacFaul and O'Higgins—Dr. Maginn's part in the Instruction of Rome—The Pope in exile—Eloquent Pastoral of Dr. Maginn on that event—His reception at Rome, and by the Holy Father.....121-134

CHAPTER VII.

Influence of the Famine on Public Spirit—Dr. Maginn's Letters on "Tenant Right"—His Letters to Lord Stanley—His Popularity—Effect of the French Revolution on Ireland—The Agents and Influences employed against them—Success of the Mission of Drs. MacFaul and O'Higgins—Dr. Maginn's part in the Instruction of Rome—The Pope in exile—Eloquent Pastoral of Dr. Maginn on that event—His reception at Rome, and by the Holy Father.....135-170

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Maginn's Final Visitation of his Diocese—The proposed Provincial Synod and Catholic University—Dr. Maginn's last Illness and Death—General Mourning expressed by the Catholic Body—His Funeral—His Character and Genius—Tribute to his Memory at Home and Abroad.....171-193

APPENDIX.

THE DEVON COMMISSION—The Rev. Edward Maginn sworn and examined.....195-211
THE CORN TARIFF LEAGUE—Letter to W. H. Trevelyan, Esq.....212-218
Letter to Dr. McKnight, of Derry.....219-226

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

John O'Connell to Bishop Maginn.....227
G. P. O'Connell to Dr. Maginn.....227-234
BREVOLANCE OF THE BRITISH PRESS, BY THE REV. JAMES FARRER—Bishop Maginn to Messrs. Hawkins & Jones and Gilmore.....235-238
Lord William Fitzgibbon to Bishop Maginn.....239-241
Lord Normanby to Bishop Maginn.....241-244
Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs to " ".....241-245
Thomas Steele, Esq., to " ".....245-251

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Archbishop Cullen to Bishop Maginn.....251-261
Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Higgins to " ".....261-265
Archbishop Cullen to " ".....265-269
Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Higgins to " ".....269-271
Archbishop Cullen to " ".....271-278
Amended Statutes of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland relating to Religion.....278-284
Bishop Maginn's Pastoral on the Pope's Exile.....285-290

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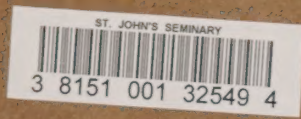
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